VOGUE

Week-end Plans

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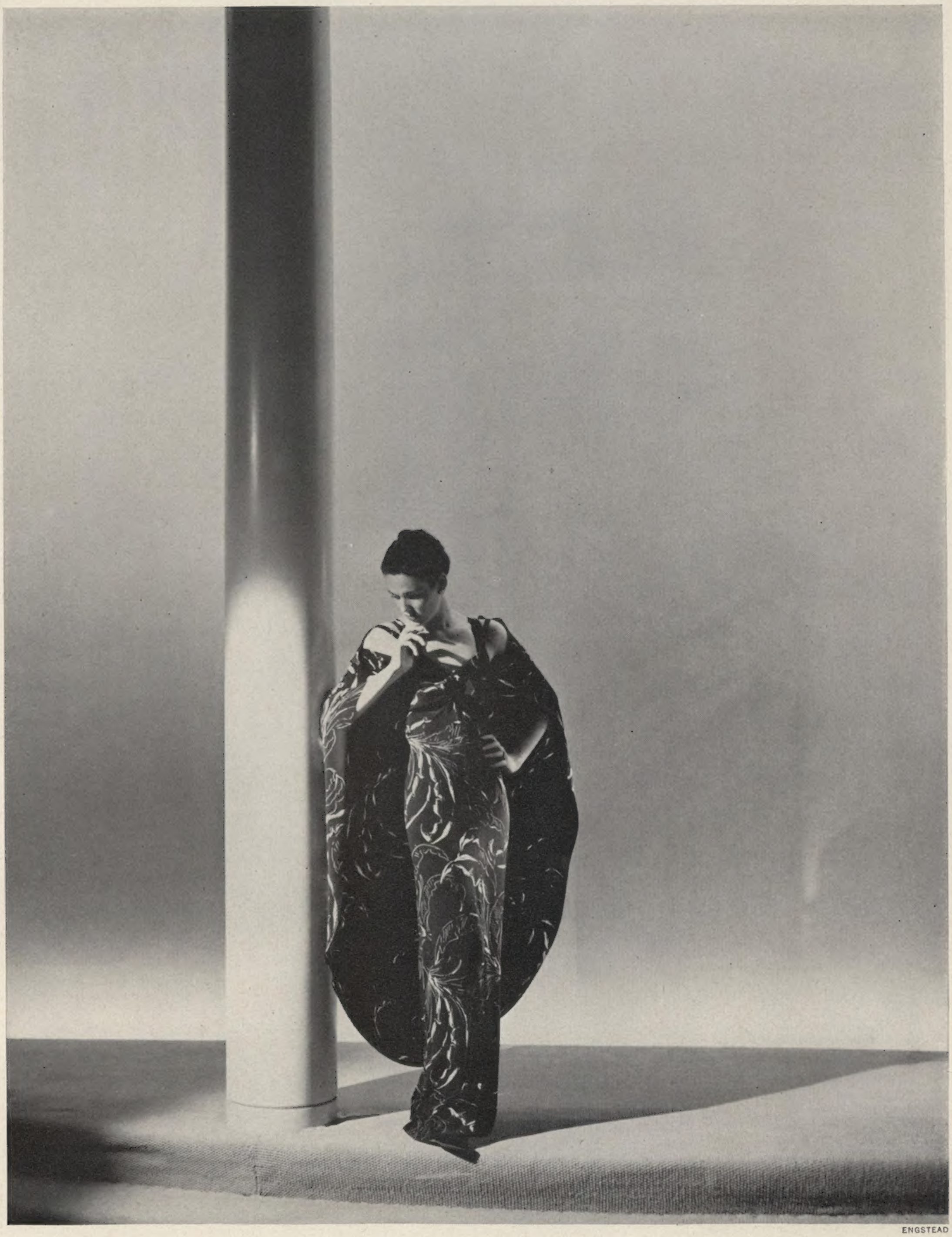

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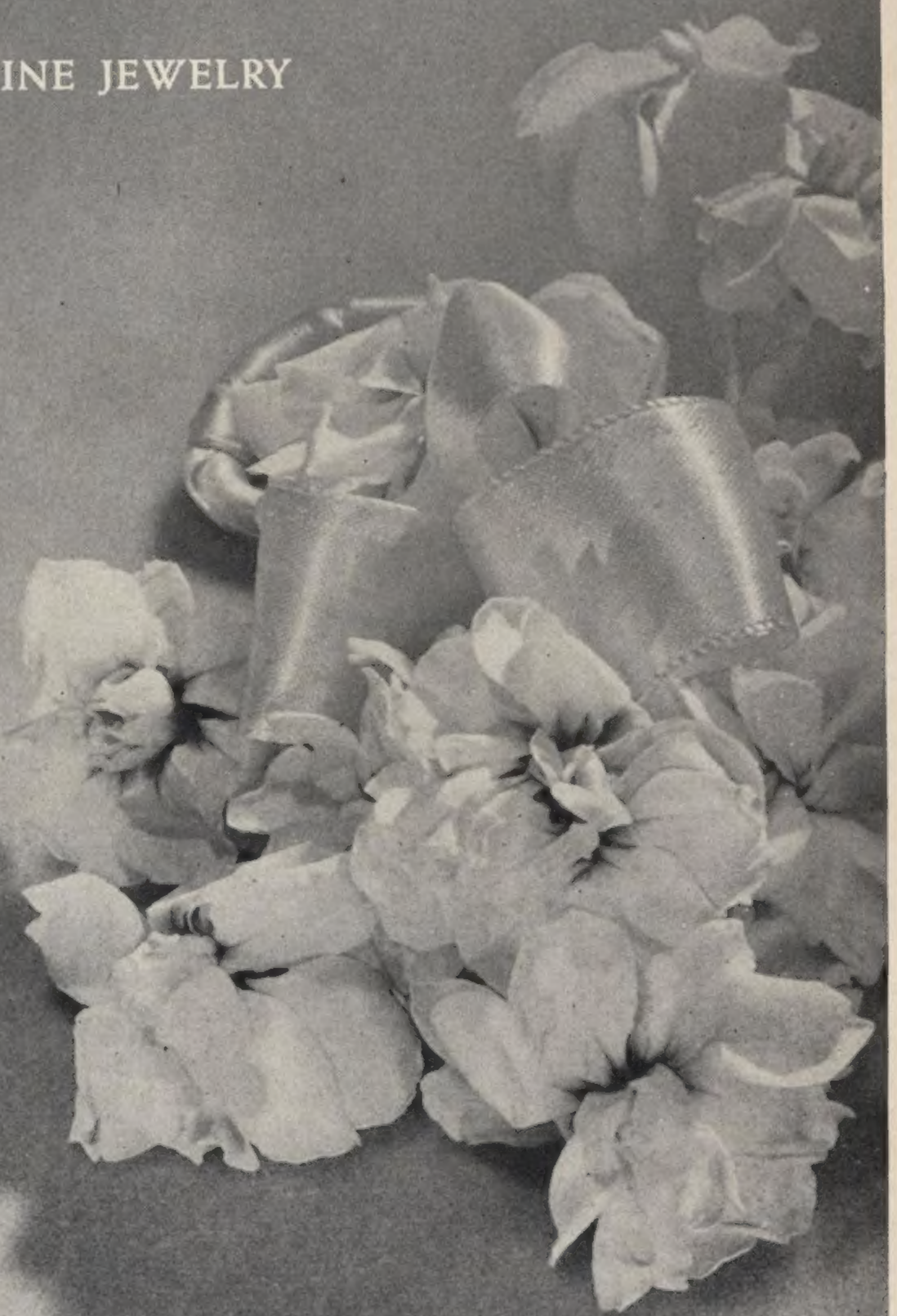

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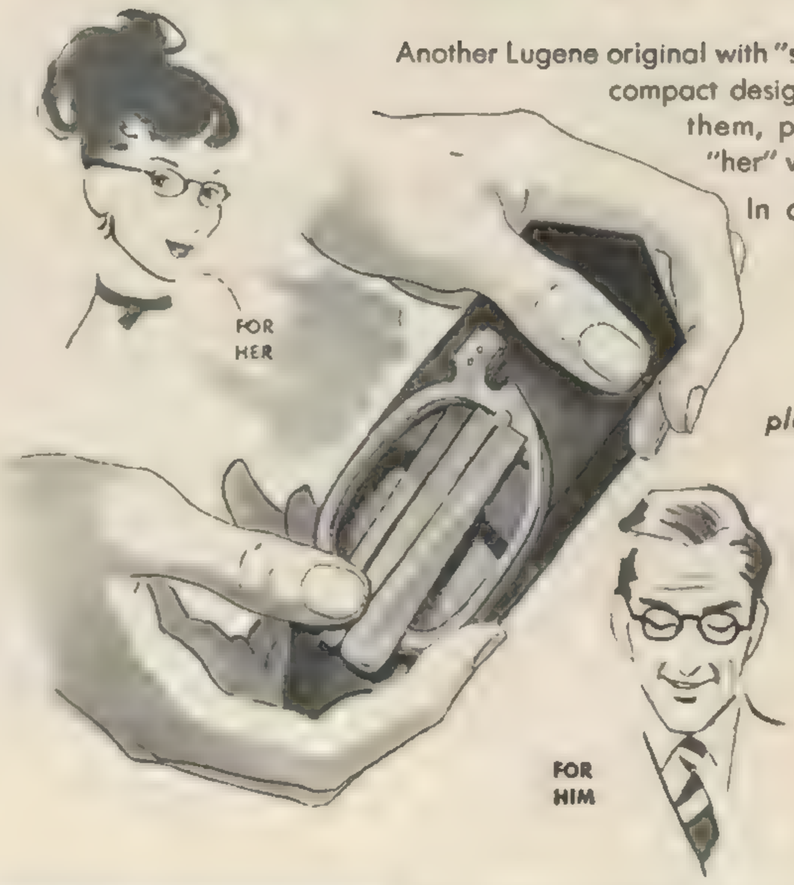

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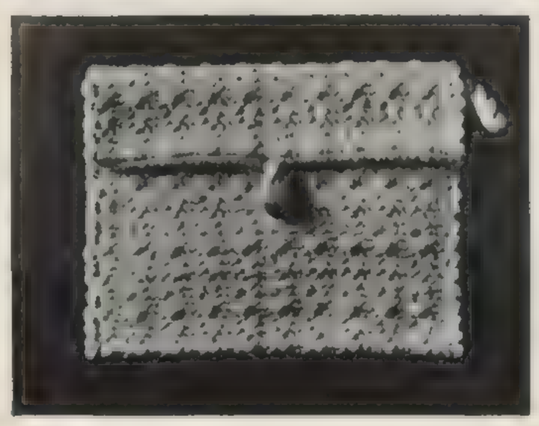

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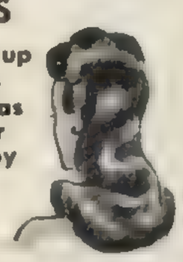

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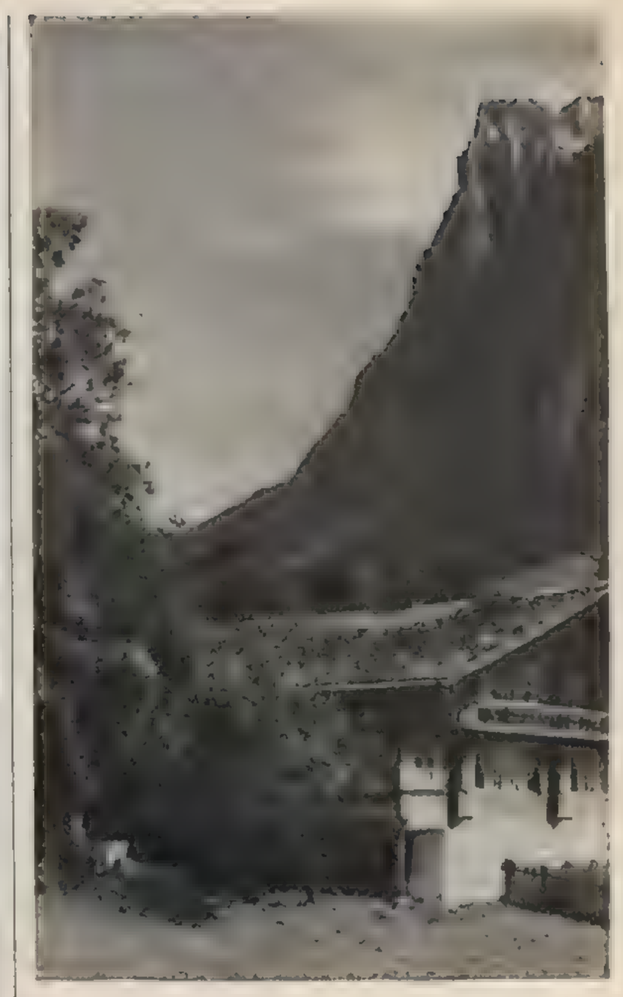

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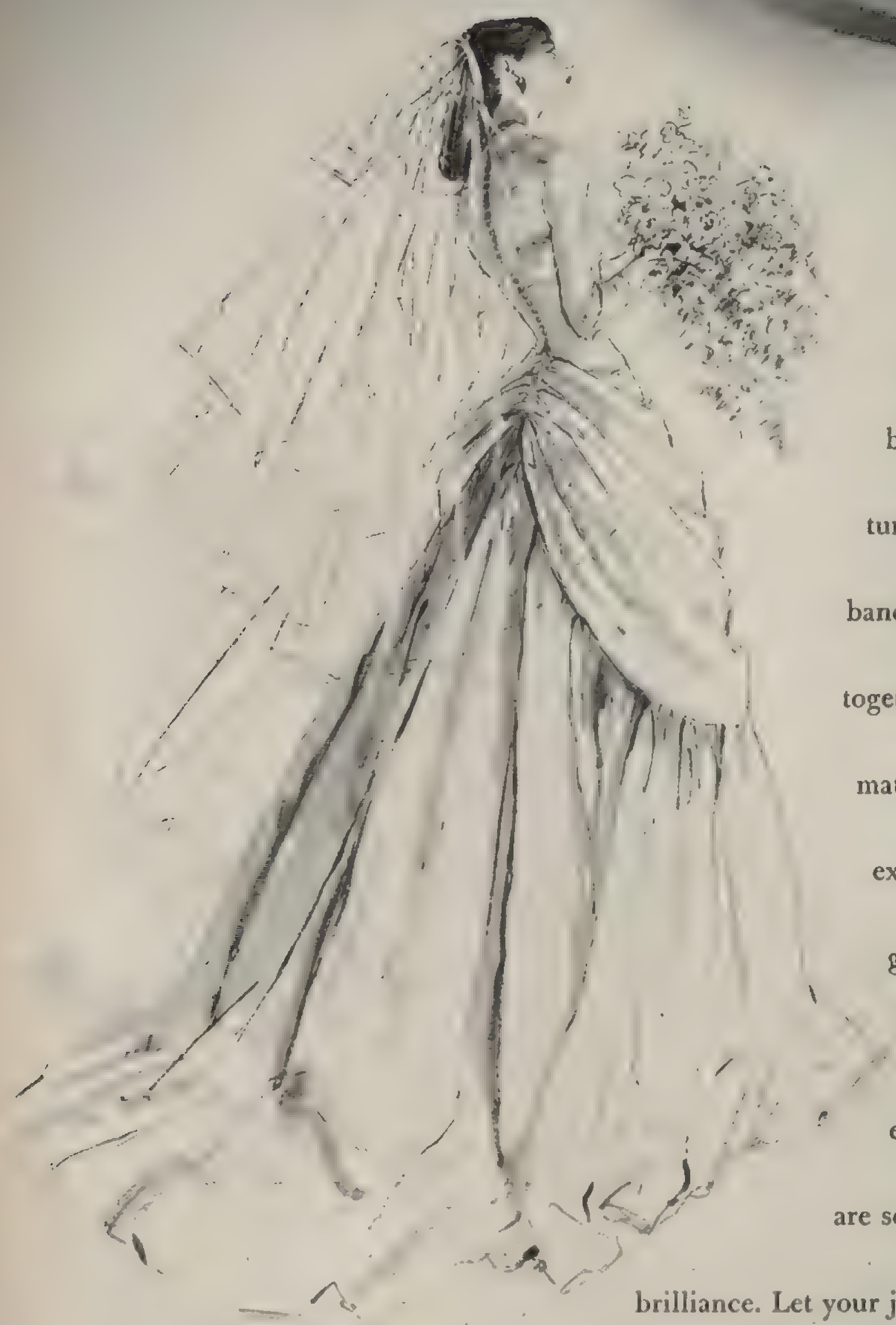

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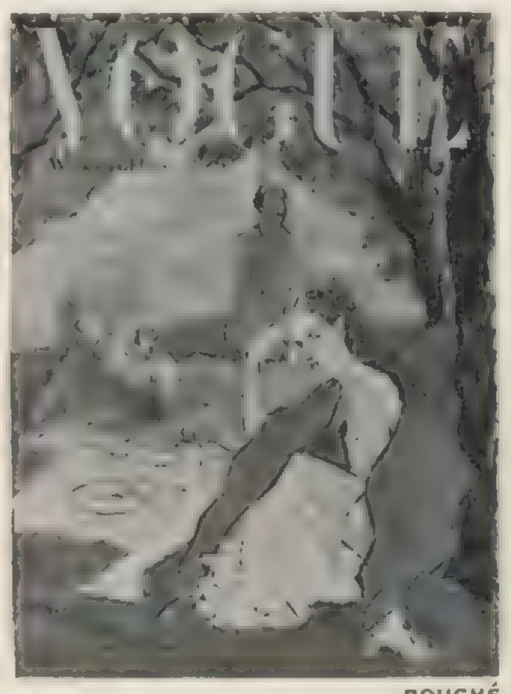

BOUCHÉ

COVER: *Shawls in the country...the point made here by a slap of red over light pink. The shawl and bare-shouldered, ruffled dress, the pink Robin Hood shoes are part of a plan to make your week-end hours as pretty, rural, pleasant as a picnic. Dress and scarf, $40, by Arpad in Hope Skillman chambray. Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker, Phila. Reversed calf shoes by Joyce. $8; Altman.*

Out of some cold figures, came a story to warm America's heart

NOT LONG AGO, the Secretary of the United States Treasury studied a figure-covered sheet of paper.

The figures revealed a steady, powerful upswing in the sale of U. S. Savings Bonds, and an equally steady decrease in Bond redemptions.

But to the Secretary, they revealed a good deal more than that, and Mr. Snyder spoke his mind:

"If you give them the facts," he said, "you can always depend on the common sense and long-range judgment of the American people.

"The last few months have given us heart-warming proof of that.

"After the Victory Loan, sales of U. S. Savings Bonds went down—redemptions went up. And that was only natural and human.

"It was natural and human—but it was also dangerous. For suppose this trend had continued. Suppose that, in this period of reconversion, some 80 million Americans had decided not only to stop saving, but to spend the $40 billion which they had *already* put aside in Series E, F & G Savings Bonds. The picture which *that* conjures up is not a pretty one!

"But the trend did NOT continue.

"Early last fall, the magazines of this country—nearly a thousand of them, acting together—started an advertising campaign on Bonds. This, added to the continuing support of other media and advertisers, gave the American people the facts . . . told them why it was important to buy and hold U. S. Savings Bonds.

"The figures on this sheet tell how the American people responded—and mighty good reading it makes.

"Once more, it has been clearly proved that when you give Americans the facts, you can then ask them for action—and *you'll get it!*"

What do the figures show?

On Mr. Snyder's sheet were some very interesting figures.

They showed that sales of Savings Bonds went from $494 million in last September to $519 million in October and kept climbing steadily until, in January of this year, they reached a new postwar high: **In January, 1947, Americans put nearly a billion dollars in Savings Bonds. And that trend is continuing.**

In the same way, redemptions have been going just as steadily downward. Here, too, the trend continues.

Moreover, there has been, since the first of the year, an increase not only in the volume of Bonds bought through Payroll Savings, but in the number of buyers.

How about YOU? The figures show that millions of Americans have realized this fact: there is no safer, surer way on earth to get the things you want than by buying U. S. Savings Bonds regularly.

They are the safest investment in the world. They pay you $4 for every $3 at the end of 10 years. And you can buy them automatically, almost painlessly today, through either of two plans:

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If you are not eligible for the Payroll Plan, but have a checking account, see your banker and get him to tell you about the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either of them will set you on the road to financial security, and the happiness that comes with it.

Save the easy automatic way—with U.S. Savings Bonds

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"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"

Tina Leser

COMMENDS THE NEW STYLING OF KAISER AND FRAZER CARS

FAMED designer of glamorous play clothes for American women, Tina Leser not only knows, but establishes, styles. "In the lines and colors of my beachwear," she says, "I try to capture the spirit of leisure and play in which it is worn. Successful design always reflects purpose. To me, the design, styling and colors of the new KAISER and FRAZER cars appeal as a most successful effort to make distinguished beauty reflect luxurious transportation."

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THE STYLING of the new KAISER and FRAZER is 100% postwar. Designers, given a free hand—unhampered by tradition or prewar tools—have created a masterpiece of functional beauty. These cars establish a new style trend which other manufacturers are sure to follow. And they are totally new in performance and ride, as well. For their engineering is as ultra-modern as their lines, colors and appointments. In them you truly ride in luxury, framed in beauty.

Beachwear by Tina Leser

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the daytime fragrance

to each its own . . . light, lingering, authentic echoes of famous Lentheric perfumes, in superb decanters and flacons.

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Vogue's eye view of

GEORGE PLATT LYNES

week-end plans

This is the first thought on week ends (in an issue devoted to them): what a week end means to you depends on how you spend the rest of the week. For any hostess, it means altruism, giving others pleasure—but since most philosophers agree that there is no such thing as altruism, the week end is a hostess' pleasure, too. For any guest, it means a miniature holiday; means, among other things, knowing when the party's over, and leaving before Sunday supper. And for child, man, woman, week-end plans mean: sky, breeze, flower, pebble, picnic, sail...and these pages are planned for all.

Summer is a picnic

And family picnics
are the best of them all—
with the babies, family friends,
even the dogs—together;
the background, all outdoors.
Here is such a young family group:
Far left:
Mrs. John Reagan McCrary, junior—
who was Jinx Falkenburg.
She is the mother of young John Reagan, II,
who stands, but not alone.
With her husband (at the far right),
she has a daily early-morning broadcast
and a twice-weekly television show.
Mrs. Douglas McCrary,
who was Wendy Iglehart,
bends over her daughter Wendy's basket.

BALKIN

Come this week end...

... take the 4 o'clock train Friday afternoon.

It's cool at the farm—and the weeds in the garden are up to the knee.

You are to do as you like—

sleep, sit in the sun,

party Saturday night with all of us.

Love, MAGGIE.

Week ends are summer's saving grace.

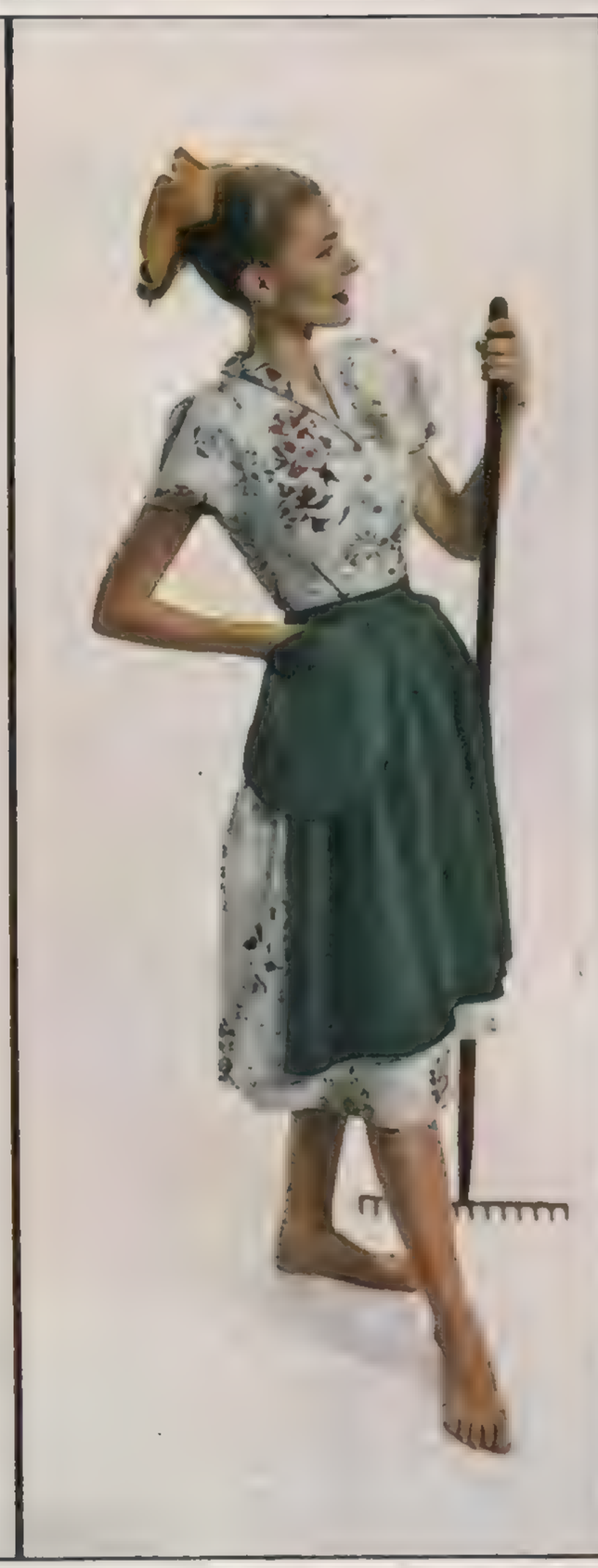
At the shore, in the country, they are a change in your point of view; a point of departure and a bright spot in summer wardrobes.

On these and two following pages, shown in full colour, are clothes for Away—lively and fun clothes, a relaxation in themselves.

Shown in black and white are simple sheaths to wear in the grey city interim between week ends.

Thur.

City sheath: grey Foreman silk Shantung. Joset Walker; $60, Lord & Taylor. Piqué gloves made to order at Lucienne Harang.

Fri.	*Sat.*	*Sun.*	*Mon.*
			

HERBERT MATTER

Suit to go in; grey Shantung. $75. Bonwit Teller. Pigskin case, $63*; calf bag, $30*. Both, Arthur Gilmore. **Tax Included.*

Country club dance. Sequin skirt of bright Guatemalan cotton and sleeveless wool jersey blouse. By Tina Leser. $89. Bonwit Teller.

The morning well-spent in the garden, in the sun. She wears a cotton two-piece dress. Clare Potter. $70. Saks Fifth. Her own apron.

The suit returning (see Friday). Dark grey suède pumps, by Van Arden. $43. Lord & Taylor. Monday's only bright spot—flowers.

Thur.	*Fri.*	*Sat.*	*Sun.*
City dress—simple, next-to-nothing sleeves. In a bottle-green linen-y rayon with a thin red belt. $70. By Trigère at Saks Fifth.	Dress to go: spun rayon, with back-button bolero. $90. By Trigère. Bergdorf Goodman. A Rosenstein handbag, Bonwit Teller.	Clam-bake preparation: rayon tropical cloth swim suit by Clare Potter, $30; a cherry silk scarf for a halter. Lord and Taylor.	Cabaña luncheon—in Hope Skillman chambray shirt and skirt. By Arpad. $35. Marvella pearl beads. All, Bergdorf Goodman.

Come next week end...

...on the ferry-plane Friday—

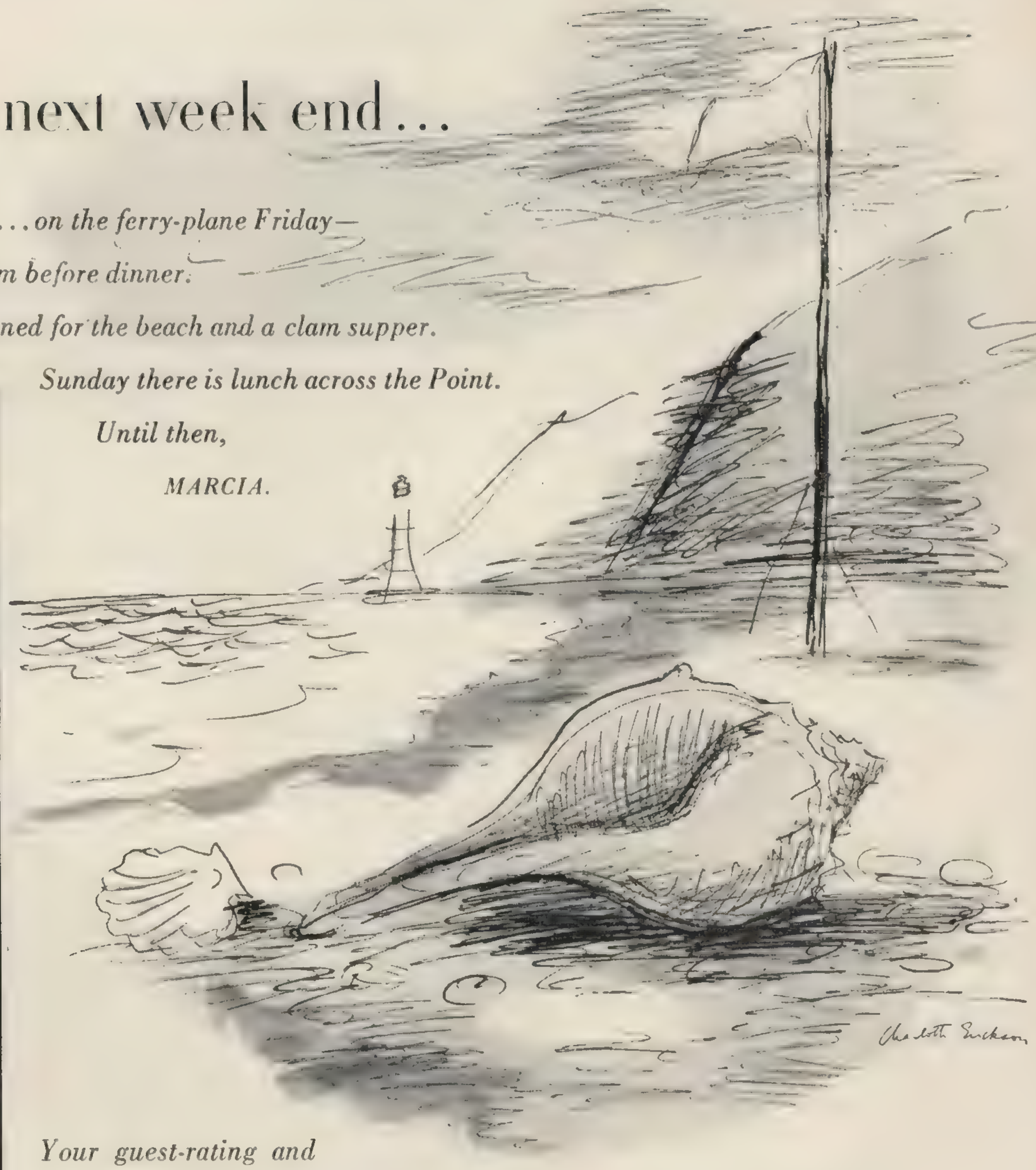
so you can swim before dinner.

Saturday is quiet—planned for the beach and a clam supper.

Sunday there is lunch across the Point.

Until then,

MARCIA.



Mon.

HERBERT MATTER

Dress returning — (see Friday) and for a grey day, a stark white hat; for possible showers, a bright nylon umbrella.

Your guest-rating and

the high frequency of week-end invitations will be in direct proportion

to your thoughtfulness. Pack well—fall into the mood

and timing of the household. Don't go empty-handed—

take an imported cheese or three of the now-returning good Rhine wines.

Indulge your hostess as she never does herself

—give her a minute-size gold perfume funnel

or a large-size bottle of Mary Chess Roman Bath Oil. Supply each child

with a bright yellow or red canvas beach kit.

And for peace during your stay, take along the rule book

for "Oklahoma" by Oswald Jacoby and Walter L. Richard.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

MISS CATHERINE MURRAY commutes to Southampton in black, white-jacketed

She swims in white

Young week end... plane commuting

Miss Catherine Murray, daughter of Mrs. John F. Murray and the late Mr. Murray, starts her week ends flying. Like many of her generation, she capsules travel-time by plane; capsules her week-end wardrobe to fit in a small wicker hamper; brings with her much white, a pretty country frame for her tan.

Opposite: She arrives, light-handed, wearing a white jacket over her black dress. The jacket of Soap 'n' Water piqué, $20. Townley design. At Altman.

Above: Playing by and in the water, her suit is white piqué, has its own bloomers; can be worn without straps (as shown here) for an unlined tan. $30. Townley design.

Below: For tennis, beach picnics, she wears a white-and-red cotton top, to tuck in, to wear out, middy-wise. $3. By Jantzen. Faded-blue denim shorts. $3. By Korday.

Right: For luncheon out-of-doors, her dress is white, two-piece. $23. Townley design in Soap 'n' Water piqué. All clothes on this page from Altman.

...plays in red-striped white

...wears white for Sunday lunch

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

...dances Saturday night in white with grey

Young week end... *(continued)*

Saturday night may find you 600 miles away from home (less than 2 hours by plane), or 100 miles (45 minutes), as it does Miss Murray above. May find you dancing in the dress above, with your hair snipped short to brush into a shining cap. White blouse of elasticized rayon jersey, $11; grey skirt of Wamsutta broadcloth, $13. Altman; Woodward & Lothrop.

Week-end period piece . . .

Before World War I, in England, when "breakfast was a very informal meal, for only a couple of footmen were in waiting, and nobody said grace"

BY E. F. BENSON

THE house had a tradition of stateliness which, even in the years just before the War, many of the guests, who were invited there in the summer for week-end parties and in the autumn and winter for shooting, found somewhat oppressive. But both Lord Buryan and his wife were of the stately and traditional school, and they had no intention of changing their ways: it was open to those who did not like their ways to refuse any further invitation. And there was something compelling and massive about the place, the authority of it was on their guests, not a rigid handcuffing as of steel shackles, but a firm and kindly and automatic pressure that was just as binding. These parties were not confined to elderly persons: the friends of Lady Buryan's two married daughters and her only son were welcome there; so, too, were prominent folk, writers, artists, or politicians, for Lady Buryan acknowledged the claims of distinction as well as those of birth, and though rooted in the past, liked to feel that she kept abreast of the movements of the world. Granted that a man's or a woman's life was, as far as she knew, absolutely respectable, she would ask anyone in whose achievements she felt she should be interested. But she never asked a husband without his wife, nor a wife without her husband, and for such there were double beds in the bedrooms as well as a supplementary couch in the dressing-room. She addressed her husband as "Buryan," and spoke of him thus to her friends.

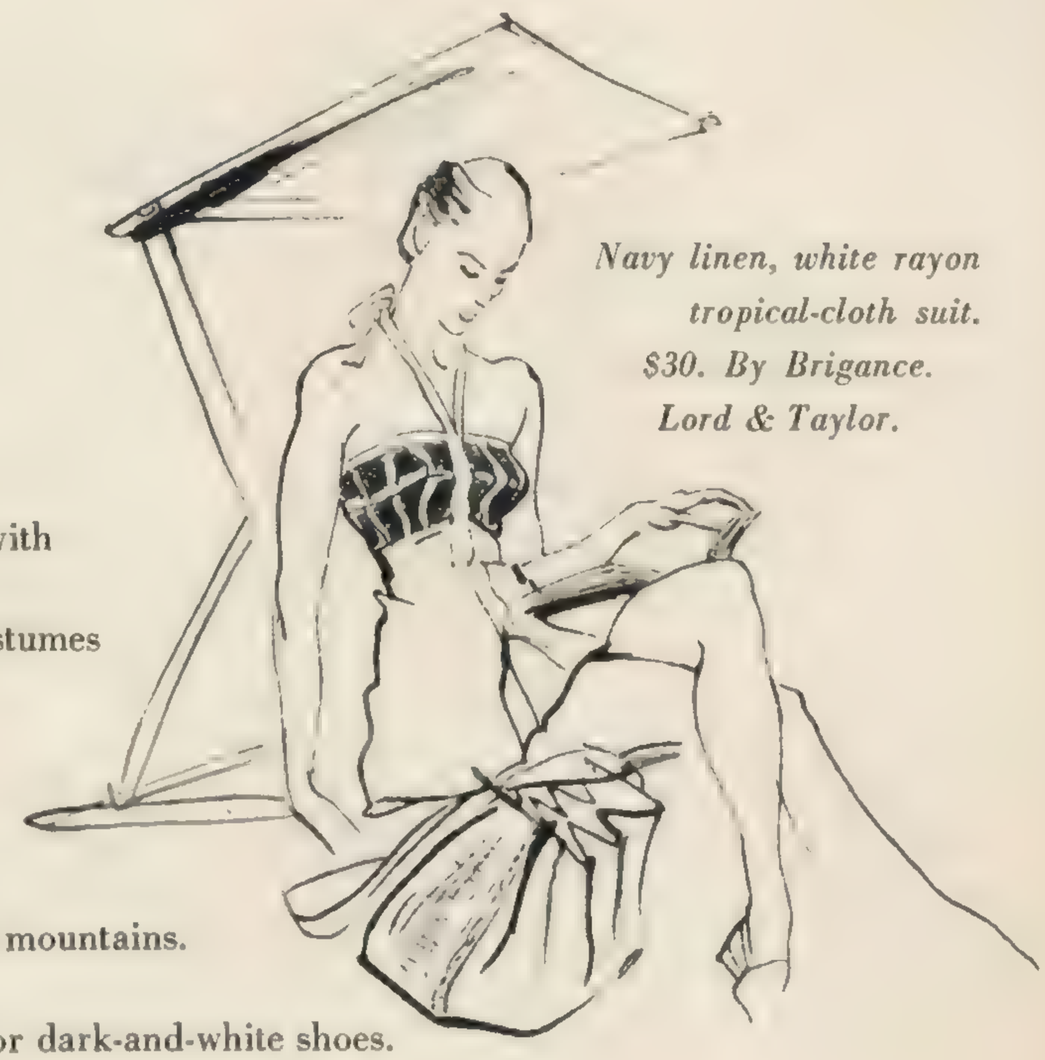
On Sunday morning attendance at church was taken for granted. Guests were not told to go to church any more than they were told to dress for dinner. There had been sporadic rebels, but never a concerted movement. On one occasion, a misunderstanding arose. A friend of mine, one of those people common now, but then thought cranky, was not accustomed to eat any breakfast, for he thought it digestively advantageous to remain rather hungry all morning and then indulge without restraint at lunch. He endorsed this un-English conduct by not going to church: it was his first visit to Hakluyt, and his ignorance was pardonable. Coming in ravenous to lunch, he found that his place was next Lady Buryan, who had observed his abstinence at breakfast and his absence at church. The footman left him out in taking round the first dish, and he was about to ask his hostess if he might partake of that appetizing lobster-soufflé, when an elegant little bowl of soup, with thin slices of toast, was put in front of him. She whispered to him, "Some chicken broth: I'm sure that can't hurt you." I am convinced there was nothing ironical about this little attention: Lady Buryan had acted from the most kindly and considerate motives, and she never could have contemplated "scoring off" a guest. Simply she had put on his odd conduct the only explanation of which it seemed capable.

Tonight the party was, as usual, very notable, though no list of the guests would ever appear in the fashionable columns of the press. There were six married couples of the "class" to which their host and hostess belonged, people with broad lands and exalted titles, who in their hearts knew that God was the real head of the Tory party, though that did not prevent them from being most polite to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Liberal Government then in office: there was the French Ambassador and the Danish Minister, there was the President of the Royal Academy, and the keeper of the Manuscript Room at the British Museum; there was the Bishop of the Diocese (unmarried), there was the author of a recent *Life of Lord Palmerston,* which lay, fully cut, on a table in the gallery; there were Members of Parliament and a Field Marshal whose passion was Oriental china, but today only a few younger folk, for neither of Lord Buryan's married daughters was present, and Henry, Lord St. Erth, his youngest child and only son, now in his third year at Cambridge, had preferred to stop there for the May-week festivities. All assembled in the gallery for dinner with strict punctuality, and the women wore their smartest gowns, their tiaras, and their pearls. They went formally into the dining room, men offering their arms to support the frail footsteps of their partners, and Lord Buryan asked the Bishop to say grace, for when there was a clergyman present, this was only proper. It took some of the party by surprise, but they hastily stood up again.

The light of the bouquets of candles that illuminated the table was not softer than the murmur of quiet voices that were never raised in excitement or loud mirth. Each man talked to the woman on his right whom he had taken in, for the space of soup and fish, and then, as if a change of wind had reversed the weather-cock of conversation, all heads hitherto turned to the right swung across to the left, and all heads turned to the left swung to the right: this smooth man- *(Continued on page 91)*

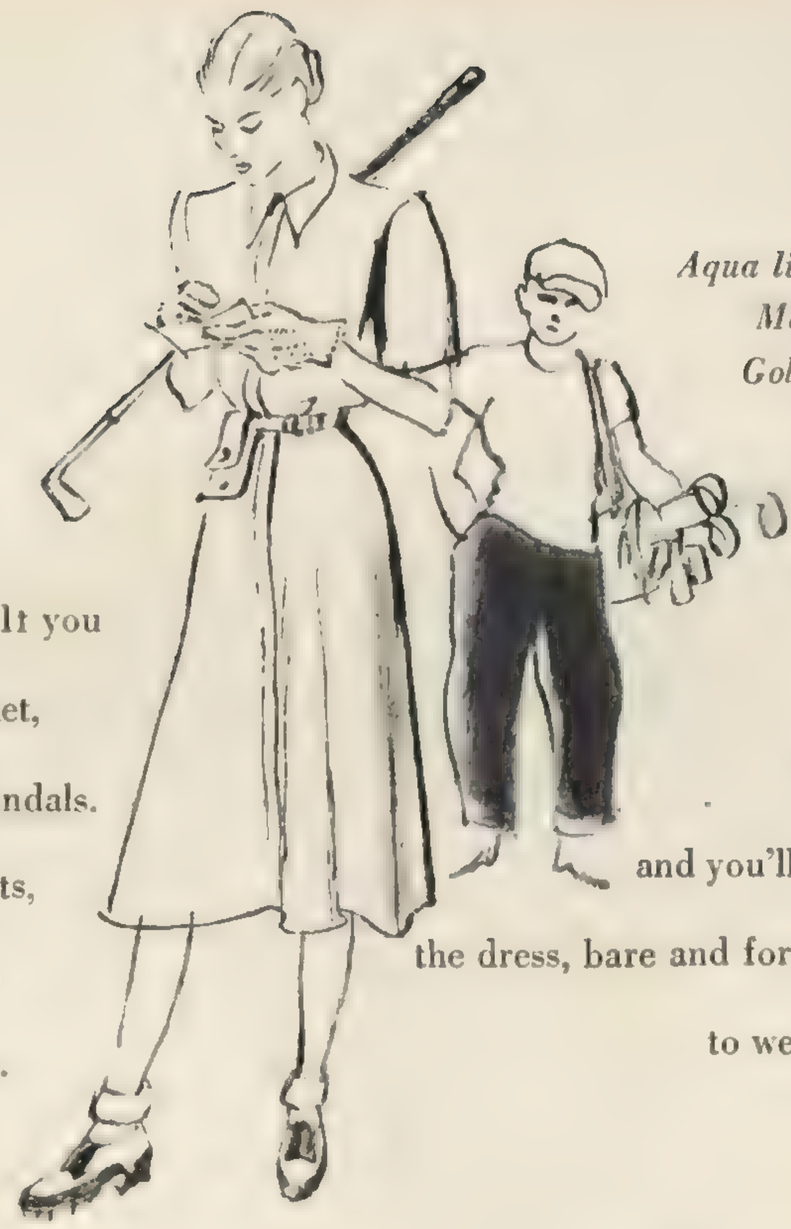
Black and white rayon Shantung suit; faille trimmed. By Fred Greenberg. $50, Saks Fifth.

Country week end . . . after forty



Navy linen, white rayon tropical-cloth suit. $30. By Brigance. Lord & Taylor.

On these pages—a woman's way with a week-end wardrobe—clothes with simple, proven lines; to travel in, to take...in *one* suitcase. With these costumes and three pairs of shoes (for evening, for the beach, for sports), a nightdress (see pages 64-67), a tailored dressing gown, underwear, white gloves, cosmetics; you are well away shorewards or into the mountains. Arrive in a suit (the print above belies train-wilt). With it, wear dark or dark-and-white shoes.



Aqua linen classic, by Star Maid. $40, Bendel's Young-Timers. Golf shoes, $18. By Stetson. Lord & Taylor.

On the beach, have your swim-suit one piece, its top dark to make you look slim. If you don't want a tan, wear a jacket, a shade of hat. Add beach sandals. Take a classic dress for sports, or to wear with pearls, linen pumps, for cocktails, bridge.

Pack for evening, three pieces, three costumes—and you'll have no dilemma. One good way is shown below: the dress, bare and formal—for private parties, club dances; the jacket to wear with it, for dinner; a short skirt (unsketched) to wear with the jacket for high Sunday tea.

Bright green silk Shantung, thin strapped evening dress, $135; jacket and short straight skirt, $125 (unsketched). All, Bergdorf Goodman.

2067

MR. MORGAN ADAMS, JR., MR. AND MRS. PETER ADAMS, PHOTOGRAPHED ABOARD THEIR SAILING SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS."

Sailing week end off California

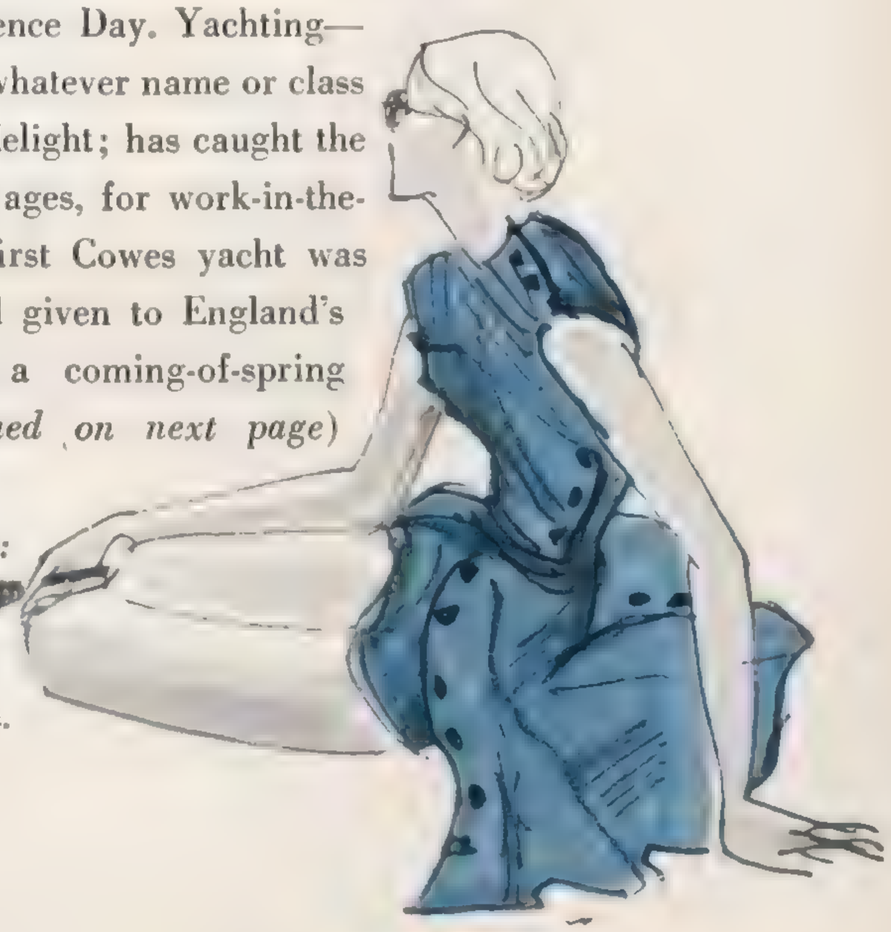
From the Pacific coast of California to the North Sea—in all areas more or less relieved of war hazards—sails are being trimmed. In California this international sport is year-round. From May on, there are prevailing southwesterly winds—coming up in the morning, to be counted on till midnight. And right now, Norwegian sloops and yawls are dotting the islands peppered around Oslo fjord; the British are again racing in the Scilly Islands where the Irish Sea breezes provide the requisite hazards of the sport; now, again, they are lining the banks of the Thames at London to watch the week-end races, two centuries old. In the United States, every boat club—from Maine to the Carolinas, from Seattle to San Diego—has a Fourth of July regatta posted. And this year, for the first time this peace, the transpacific race out of Los Angeles to Honolulu will run...starting west on Independence Day. Yachting—racing—sailing—whatever name or class boat one sails, is delight; has caught the fancy of salts, all ages, for work-in-the-rough since the first Cowes yacht was built in 1588 and given to England's Queen Bess as a coming-of-spring present. (*Continued on next page*)

Denim slacks, $5; long French middy, $7. From California. Lord & Taylor.

LORELEI LEWIS AND HER BROTHER, JAMES M. LEWIS, ABOARD THEIR SNOWBIRD.

BILL FICKER, AND HIS SISTER, SUE FICKER, ARE BALLAST FOR THEIR STAR BOAT, "CHASER II."

GEORGE PLATT LYNES



California playsuit: skirt, shorts, bra and jumper, of cotton. $23; Altman.

Sailing week end *(continued)*

AXEL STORDHAL, PHOTOGRAPHED ABOARD HIS SLOOP, "SAGA."

California coat and shorts; Galey & Lord cotton gabardine. Coat, $10; shorts and bra, $19. At Bonwit Teller.

Many of California's sails are dotted along the lower part of the coast. Laundered-looking, bright against blue, they jockey for the wind back and forth in the shelter of the off-shore islands that lie between Santa Barbara and San Diego. Here's where the water's fine off California—the week-long and week-end places to sail: to Emerald Cove, at Catalina, with its shock green water, its very white sand. You sail to Emerald Cove from Balboa (or Newport Harbour)—under power to San Pedro on Friday, sail on to Catalina on Saturday—and back to the home base on Sunday in five or six hours (this because the wind is always aft going southward). You might go to the island of Santa Cruz, uninhabited, overrun with wild sheep (the owner of the island encourages you to bring along your guns—the sheep are a great nuisance). Californians stay a week, live aboard their boats, eat the abundant Pacific lobster and abalone speared while at anchor. Going south to San Diego from San Pedro or Balboa is an overnight trip; the winds lighten in the south, so that the beat home takes longer. Sailing on south from San Diego, the favourite anchorage is at Enseñada.

California denim short slacks and lumber jacket, trimmed with striped ticking. $17. Peck and Peck.

NANCY LOU AYRES, AND HER BROTHER DONALD AYRES, JR., ABOARD THEIR "SNOWBIRD."

MR. AND MRS. HENRY GRANDIN, WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS, NANCY LOU AND SUSAN, ABOARD THEIR YAWL, "THE DRAGOON."

The enthusiasm for yachting in California is growing in a post-war boom that has a practical and long-range plan. The series of small harbours which the government is helping to finance along the southern part of the coast, between Santa Barbara and Coronado, will be good news for all Pacific-side sailors; will be important additions to the big harbours at Balboa and Newport Beach. And there is a new harbour now under construction for the Malibu Yacht Club. New in California, new in this country, was the outdoor boat show, in the Los Angeles Coliseum this month, where there was exhibited a range of boats from the great ocean craft to inexpensive small boats.

MR. DONALD B. AYRES, LEFT, ABOARD HIS 54-FOOT YAWL, "SKYLARK."

MR. ROBERT MILLER, ABOARD HIS RACING SLOOP, THE "WESTWARD."

GEORGE PLATT LYNES

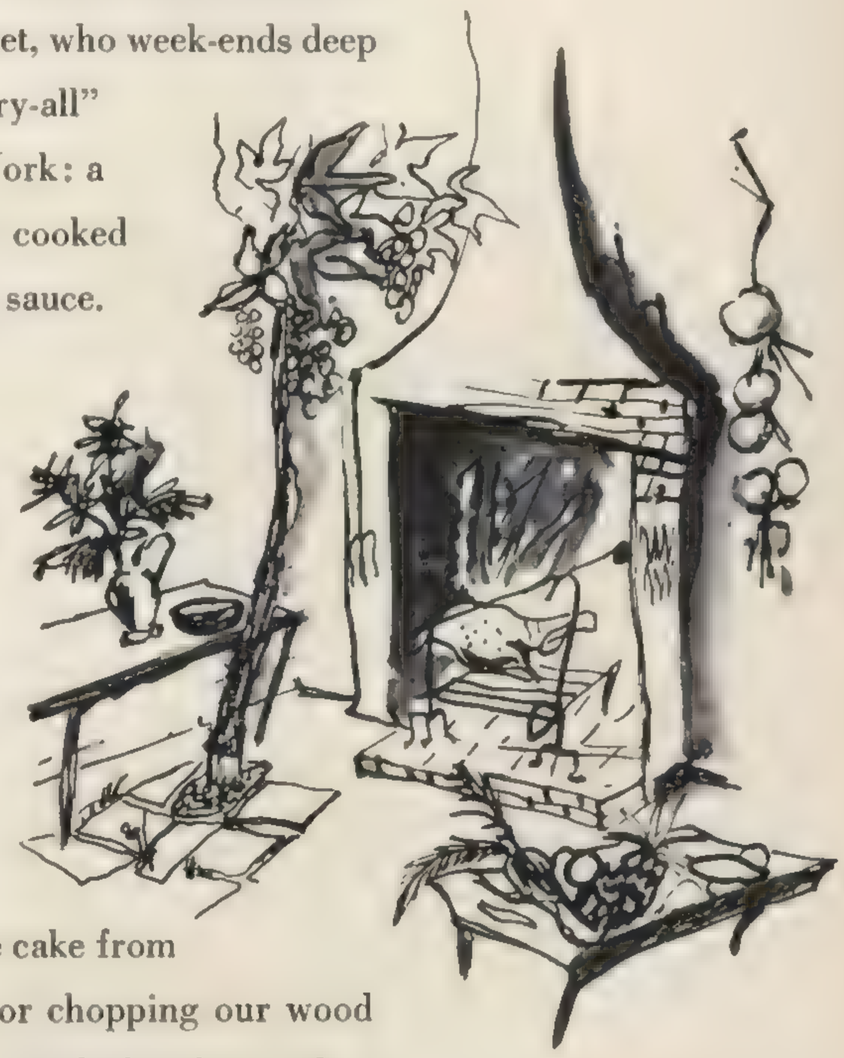
Week-end wise ...food happy

Six versions of the week-end story,

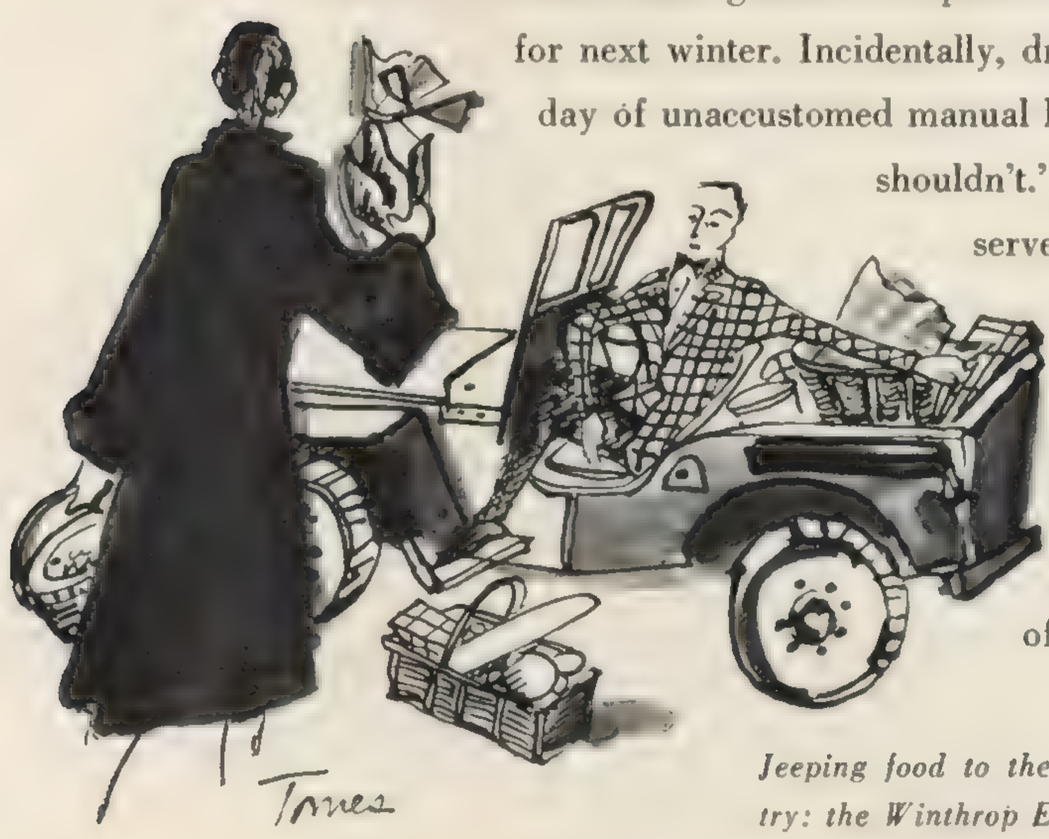
based on the plan, the food, the underlying pattern

White wine and mussels: the John Abbotts

A week end is a dangerous thing, particularly in unskilled hands, because like nearly everything else, the good ones are based on formula. The wrappings may vary, but the formula rarely. Fundamentally it is a four-way mix: good planning—so good that it simulates a startled spontaneity; good food; a self contained assurance that prohibits the herding of guests through a conveyor belt schedule; and the character of the guests. Mrs. Winthrop Emmet, who week-ends deep in Connecticut in a small farmhouse, advocates the "carry-all" formula for food: "I usually bring the main dinner dishes from New York: a beef or lamb stew in an iron pot, a chicken in casserole, or slices of cooked chicken, or boiled and cleaned shrimp for which I make a wine or curry sauce. This is essential because our stove in the country is a two-burner electric plate with one broiling drawer. Salad mixtures—celery, eggs, tomatoes, and chopped spinach—are brought in a large glass jar, kept cold and then mixed with fresh lettuce and dressing at the last minute. We usually serve a Chilean white wine with dinner. As many of our guests are in their teens, I serve rich desserts. Everyone gets a big breakfast: huge glasses of fruit juice, coffee, toast, scrambled eggs, sausages, and six kinds of jam set out on the lazy-susan. Luncheon, however, means sandwiches and sodas at the drugstore in nearby Kent. But to make up for that I give them tea under the trees, with cinnamon toast and a wine cake from Henri's. All adult house guests are expected to work, mending fences or chopping our wood for next winter. Incidentally, drinking in the country, particularly after such a day of unaccustomed manual labour, becomes a reward instead of an 'I really shouldn't.' Our cocktails are made of rum and lime juice served in huge Mexican glasses with ice and a circle of orange rind."...At "Allen Winden Farm" Mrs. William K. Dick's house at Islip, Long Island, a plethora of planning is the well concealed underpinning for week-end parties. Mrs. Dick keeps house reference books, a neat record of what rooms her guests slept in on previous



Terrace cooking: the Bouët-Willaumez'

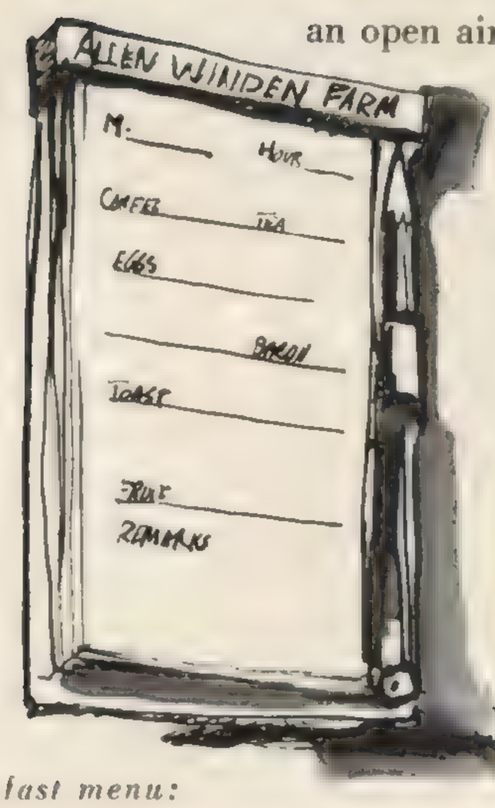


Jeeping food to the country: the Winthrop Emmets

Pool-side tent: the Alfred Vanderbilts

visits, always tries to assign them the same quarters; keeps a record of the menus she served them and tries never to repeat, unless some dish was a particular favourite. There is always a bowl of fruit in each room, a menu pad to check off the breakfast order—and, for guests arriving after dinner, a thermos filled with tea or coffee, sandwiches neatly wrapped in a damp cloth. (Whether a guest is looking for an aspirin or a needle and thread, it will be found in the medicine chest or the chest of drawers, whichever is the *proper* place for such an article to lurk.) On Saturday night there is usually a dinner party to which the neighbours are invited—guests at the Dicks' are never loaned out for the evening—followed by a movie brought out from New York. Sunday noon usually means a trip across the Bay on the motor cruiser for a swim on a deserted strip of Fire Island, followed by luncheon on board; clams South Side (brought along in heated containers), salad, cheese, and a dessert—rice pancakes (made in the ship's galley). In case this boating expedition is called off, an alternate menu for Sunday dinner at the house goes into effect. Tea is served over in the bowling alley or tennis house....At Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt's, life beside a pool is the clue to week ends. So that her amphibious guests have no need to go indoors for meals, she has a three-sided tent, painted in the red and white stripes of Mr. Vanderbilt's racing silks, serves buffets here at the pool's edge—macaroni and cheese, mixed salad, garlic bread, cold roast beef, iced tea, milk....At Countess René Bouët-Willaumez', outdoor cooking is an important facet of summer life. One end of the terrace becomes an open air kitchen with a charcoal fire, a spit and a supply of garden-grown herbs for seasoning. (Four of her favourite recipes are on page 94.)...At Mrs. John Abbott's, guests who come to her house in Maine, at Mt. Desert, do so with "great expectations." Her week-end entertaining often includes the best possible picnic. These picnics centre around mussels and white wine. According to Mrs. Abbott, "When we give a picnic we usually invite about twenty-five people—it's no more work than a picnic for six and provides us with more assistants. The operation's complete smoothness is insured by the advance preparation, which usually is begun forty-eight hours ahead. Only the mussels are 'on location,' collected and cooked at Somes Point." *(Continued on page 94)*

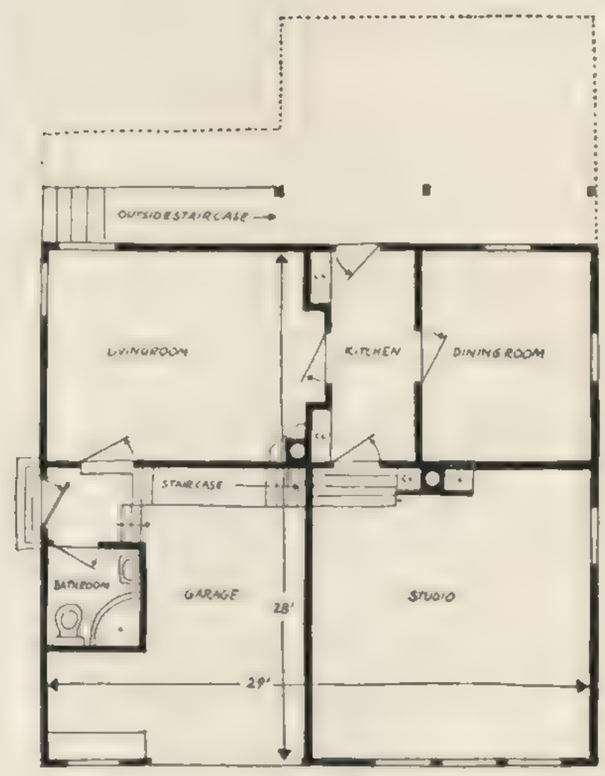
Country cupboard: well filled



Breakfast menu: the William Dicks

The house

WEATHERED GREY SHINGLES,
WHITE TRIM, OXBLOOD RED DOORS—
ON LONG ISLAND DUNES



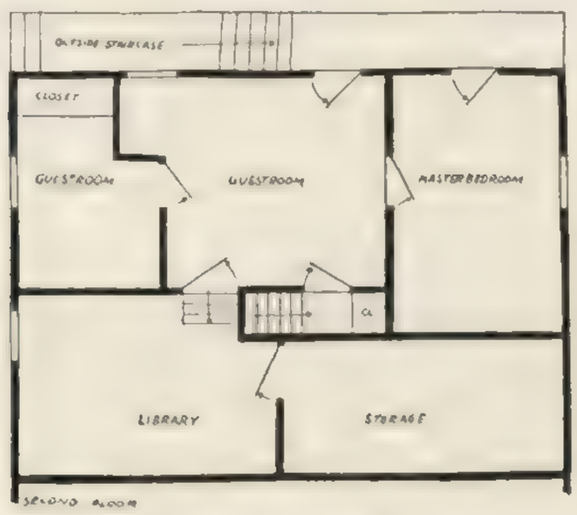
THE NEW DOWNSTAIRS PLAN

Week-end beach house

An architectural Cinderella story written and illustrated

by the artist-owner, JAN BALET

One day I saw a funny-looking house from the train on my way to Montauk, Long Island. It was very tall and twice as glum, and stood right behind a big dune. I bought land and all for fifteen hundred dollars from some village dignitaries, who had built it, as one explained, because they liked to get away from their wives. The first floor was used as a boat-house, and they lived on the floor above. On the roof they had a platform facing the ocean, where they sat and watched the sea. If they saw a school of fish, they scampered downstairs, ran the dory over the dune and fished. Most of the time they just sat. The structure of the house was sound, and the chimney all right. There was a well, driven with a hand pump; sweet water close to the ocean can be reached without any trouble from about sixteen to twenty-five feet down. I found a fine understanding in my contractor, Ed Porpisil, the greatest duck-hunter on Long Island when there are ducks.



THE NEW UPSTAIRS PLAN

After figuring out the available space, I decided to add onto one side a garage and a bathroom, with enough room above them for a temporary studio. The walls were then insulated and covered with plasterboard. Floors were covered with old floorboards, salvaged from a 200-year-old house in East Hampton, the whole house painted white inside with a *(Continued on page 93)*

Mr. Balet's studio FUNCTIONAL AMERICANA: A SPICE-BOX FOR PAINTS.
A VICTORIAN VASE FOR BRUSHES.
A SHAKER CHAIR, OLD TABLES, THE EASEL—MODERN.

The living room A PRIMITIVE PORTRAIT,
LEEDS CHINA AND IRONSTONE WARE,
ALL COLLECTED FOR DESIGN.

The living room A FRANKLIN STOVE, CLAY PIPES,
A CAPACIOUS ROCKER, A KEROSENE LAMP—
VICTORIAN COMFORTS.

The guest rooms A CLIPPER SHIP POSTER, A SEA CHEST, DRAWERS BUILT IN UNDER A DOUBLE BUNK. THE DOORSTOP—A FISH NET MARKER.

Week-end beach house *(continued)*

The dining room A FRENCH CANADIAN TABLE, A PEG-BOARD, OFTEN HUNG WITH PICTURES AND SHELLS.

Mr. Balet's bedroom QUILTED BED-CURTAINS; A SALEM CHAIR, PORTUGUESE-FLAVOURED; AN EARLY AMERICAN DESK.

Think GAMES

"As Others See Me"

"Who Am I?"

"Aunt Hattie"

GAMESTERS can work on these three games; one needs information; one paper, pencil, and a sense of personal appraisal; one a silly streak.

The first is simply a variant of the old *Who Am I?* "What American died fairly recently, was known everywhere in the world, and never held public office?"

(The answer is on page 81 at the end of this article.)

The silly one is *Aunt Hattie,* a game that is played all over England now. Aunt Hattie likes books but she hates reading, likes freesias but hates flowers, likes Eileen but hates women.

The point is—almost too simple—that Aunt Hattie likes anything with a double vowel, dislikes anything with a single vowel.

As Others See Me is a pencil and paper game worked out by James Burnham, professor of philosophy, author of *The Struggle for the World;* Betty Waldo Parish, a painter; by a lawyer, a country squire, an impractical businessman, and three other people whose claim to fame is pure charm. The game consists of applying the prepared yardstick of twenty characteristics to each player in turn and rating each accordingly. In rating himself, however, the player attempts to approximate the rating which the rest of the group will apply—neither cautious modesty nor blind assurance pays off.

As Others See Me is double-barreled in that it gives all the players a chance to see how others see them and also to check how close an individual can come to the group's estimate.

The difference between the average of the group's rating and the individual estimate of that rating becomes the individual score.

The person with the lowest score wins the money in the pot; an element of gambling is important to this think-game in order to guarantee its intellectual honesty.

Any number from six to twelve people may play. Taking a game of six as an example: Each person is supplied with a pencil and *six sheets* of paper.

One player is nominated as the moderator and allowed to select an assistant—the choice of moderator should depend somewhat on an ability for lightning calculation. Although they are given certain additional responsibilities, these two play the game along with all the rest: for instance, the moderator sees that the name of each player is written on a separate envelope, which *(Continued on page 81)*

UMBERTO INNOCENTI,
professional landscape architect,
amateur cook

Country living . . . a master plan

Shaded red clay path lined with rhododendrons, ilex, yew.

(Above) Summer retreat apart from the house; hanging from the apple tree a portable radio.
(Right) The lawn, azalea-bordered, and a length of vista.

A *trompe l'œil*—four acres of land which give the illusion of limitless vistas—is the triumph of Umberto Innocenti's garden at Roslyn, Long Island. With the sure hand of a man who has designed many of America's great private gardens, Mr. Innocenti makes much of his own little space—dramatizing proportion and simplicity.

Today the beauty of his four acres seems inevitable. When he bought them, however, their main use was as a village dump. Today a white pine hedge, backed by privet, cuts off all view of the road. A grey gravel drive curling up to the shingled house is bordered with shrubs, and vines trained to grow up trees give an effect of timelessness. Walls, too, are covered with vines or edged with espaliered fruit trees. There is a nearly circular lawn narrowing into a gracile vista, a clay court for playing *bocce*—an Italian form of bowling—and a site for a future tennis court as well as a swimming pool.

Everything is padded with green, much of it evergreen, a guarantee against winter bleakness. In spring there are azaleas and laurel, dogwood, magnolia, white lilac, and flowering crab-apple—a pink-and-whiteness of deliberate accents. In summer the emphasis is on green. There is only one gardener, for just eight months of the year, and the landscaping was planned accordingly. To take the place of flower beds—which are difficult to keep—potted plants are clustered close to the house; hyacinths in spring, geraniums in summer, petunias in autumn, point-up an old well and the patio. It is in the patio that Mr. Innocenti likes to entertain. A skillful amateur cook, he is famous for such provincial Italian dishes as veal with *prosciutto.* (The formula for this dish is found on page 81.)

BACKIN

Patio for outdoor dining...potted flower-garden in true Italian tradition

"At homes"...

These are quick costumings—two pages of housecoats for private hours. To wear mornings—when you face your household, your mail. To wear evenings, composed—pretty—and cool from a scented bath, as a change from closer day clothes.

Above, left: White rayon Shantung, panelled, collared in thin yellow. Martini design. Altman; I. Magnin. $40.

Left centre: Carnation-scattered white piqué, like a dress grown long. By Dorian. Jay Thorpe; Hudson's. $20.

Right centre: Almost a dress—printed silk, widely skirted. By Dorian. Lord & Taylor; Himelhoch's. About $40.

Right: Fastened from collar to carpet; pink rayon crêpe coat, pinker ruffles. By Textron. Altman; Jordan Marsh. $17.

c i r c a 1 9 4 7

SKETCHES BY BLANCHARD

Above, left: White rayon crêpe *négligé*, eyelet-edged, over its own gown. By Odette Barsa. Tailored Woman. Set, $55.

Seated: Housecoat of sky-blue rayon crêpe with satin lapels and cuffs—a skirt gathered in front. Saks Fifth. $50.

Right centre: White rayon Shantung "at home" coat with wide yellow cuffs, long tucks in the back. Saks Fifth. $40.

Right: Ruffled silk coat over a satin nightgown. By Odette Barsa. Bergdorf Goodman; D. H. Holmes. The set, $155.

About the artist: Carol Blanchard had her third New York show at the Perls Galleries in May. Her style is deliberately feminine; her canvas, of a small world—with backgrounds, costumes, and characters slyly, capriciously Victorian.

The broken

THE PROBLEM: THE PITCHER

Synopsis: Against a Victorian background—an accidentally broken pitcher and the beginning of words between the parents, perhaps the products of just such scenes.

The child, cringing upstage, is emotionally in the middle.

The cast: Puzzled Papa, played by Ray Middleton, star of "Annie Get Your Gun"; Pleading Mama, Mary de Liagre, the wife of Alfred de Liagre, junior, producer of "The Voice of the Turtle"; Our Little Heroine, Sally Kirkland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic M. Kirkland.

Mr. Middleton's smoking jacket, Saks Fifth. Sally Kirkland's batiste peignoir, Altman.

Mrs. de Liagre's gentle pink chiffon rayon at-home gown, by Joseph Whitehead, at Bergdorf Goodman.

p i t c h e r. . . *traditional and modern "at homes"*

PENN

THE PROBLEM: THE PARENTS

In a free-wheeling household, an unsuppressed child in the centre of the stage.
Her self-engrossed parents (perhaps the product of similar circumstances) are unconcerned.
The cast: The Dozing Father, played by David Brooks, a star of "Brigadoon";
The Mother played by Pamela Brown, who has a leading part in Gielgud's "Love for Love";
The Little Girl with the Hammer, Rebecca Cooke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Cooke.
Mr. Brooks wears Bronzini's green silk twill robe lined in a Cadwallader print, Phelps belt.
Miss Brown reads in a black rayon net gown with valley lilies. Bonwit Teller.
Settings by Irving Penn; abstract head by Picasso at Weyhe Galleries; Calder mobile, Buchholz Gallery.

STIEGLITZ SELF-PORTRAIT, CORTINA, ITALY; 1890

STIEGLITZ

These photographs of his are part of the double exhibition of his life work now at the Museum of Modern Art . . . sidelights on Alfred Stieglitz

BY JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

"The Enemy spits, and a small green flame darts up from the gothic parquet. He looks at the spot where the flame has emerged, and then spits again. A second flamelet gushes from the floor....

"He knows to live comes first. No bee in his bonnet
Outbuzzes any other that lands on it.
His balance is astonishing when you consider
He has never sold himself to the highest bidder.
Never has lived a week for twenty summers
Free of the drumfire of the camouflaged gunners, ...
He has been his own bagman, critic, cop, designer,
Publisher, agent, char-man and shoe-shiner."

Wyndham Lewis: *One-Way Song.*

SELF-PORTRAIT, NEW YORK; 1910

It is hard to visualize the human side of a legend. Particularly when that legend has had its physical embodiment for so many of us in Alfred Stieglitz, a slight, basically tireless, but grey-haired and seemingly weary, old man who, forty-six years

SELF-PORTRAIT, BERLIN; 1885

SELF-PORTRAIT, BERLIN; 1886. NOTE THE PISTOL

HIS STUDENT'S ROOM, BERLIN; 1885

THE VICTORIAN PARLOUR OF HIS FAMILY'S HOUSE AT LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK, AND HIS IMMACULATE GALLERY, "AN AMERICAN PLACE," WITH GEORGIA O'KEEFFE PAINTINGS

ago, was internationally recognized as the leader of modern photography and the greatest living artist in the medium. His photographs remain and still attest the justice of this estimate. His name as a fighter for an open-minded approach to the arts, with an insistence on quality and vitality in the expression, and the ground he has won have their place—and a major place—in twentieth-century art history. Wyndham Lewis' description of himself as the Enemy of humbug and of intellectual dishonesty does only fractional justice to Stieglitz' character and career. For it was nearer fifty summers than twenty that Stieglitz' "machete," as Lewis puts it, never seemed to rest. Edward Steichen once wrote in Vogue of his association with Alfred Stieglitz: "In 1902 we were fighting for the recognition of photography as a fine art. In 1908," Steichen added, with reference to "291," the small gallery in which Stieglitz showed publicly in America the first Matisses, Brancusis, Douanier Rousseaus, Picassos, and others, "we were fighting for the recognition of art that was not photography." The achievements are not the legend; *(Continued on page 93)*

IN MOSCOW'S NEWEST HOTEL, THE MOSKVA

Notes on Moscow

BY EDMONDE CHARLES-ROUX

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mlle. Edmonde Charles-Roux, the twenty-five-year-old Feature Editor of French Vogue, has had an international background. The daughter of one of France's most distinguished diplomats, François Charles-Roux, former Minister to Prague and Ambassador to the Holy See, she speaks three languages fluently, is a perceptive observer. During World War II, she worked as a nurse attached to the Foreign Legion near Verdun, was awarded the* Croix de Guerre *in 1940. Later, at the time of the Liberation, she was secretary to General Delattre de Tassigny, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army. In 1944, she was reassigned, became chief of social services with the Fifth Tank Division. (The proudest moment of her war history was when she was made a corporal of a Foreign Legion regiment.) At war's end, Mlle. Charles-Roux worked for a year on the newspaper* France-Soir *before joining the staff of Vogue.*]

My departure for the U.S.S.R. still seems like a miracle. Visas had been issued only for the press and members of diplomatic missions, and I did not qualify on either count. It was, however, thanks to Mme. Georges Catroux, wife of the French Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., that I finally went; she felt that I could help her during the Conference, taking over the pettiest social chores around the Embassy.

The first thing that strikes the visitor is the width of Moscow's streets, the immense squares. Old, squat, brick houses covered with light stucco, their façades eaten away, offer sharp contrast to modern ten-story apartment buildings of grey cement, faced with marble up to the first floor as a protection against the ravages of frost and thaw. Factories are in the very centre of the city, their chimneys rising over the domes and bell towers of the churches. This is a city of houses without shutters, of windows sealed all winter by bands of gummed paper. A city without dogs and horses; in a month's visit, I saw two dogs. There are as many cars as trucks on the streets, and when the Zis or Pobieda—the latest Soviet models brought out just at the time of the Conference—go by, the children and young people are speechless with admiration. (These cars bear

BALLET CLASS AT THE FAMED BOLSHOI THEATRE

PARRY, A. S. P.

ULYANOVA, STALIN-PRIZE BALLERINA, AND HER HUSBAND, THE DIRECTOR OF MOSCOW'S SOVIET THEATRE, ON VACATION

remarkable resemblance to Cadillacs and Lancias.) There is no cleaner city in the world. Six months of the year squads of women armed with picks, shovels, and brooms clean the streets, filling trucks with snow and refuse which they empty into the river Moskva. (My admiration for them grew when I learned that these women excavated the tunnels for the subway, later dug the ditches for the defense of Moscow.) When snow ends the people face the problem of the thaw with its cataracts of water, which often cave in roofs and ceilings. (When I visited the Pushkin Museum, which is one of the best-cared-for buildings in the capital, I had to step between the puddles and basins set out to catch water dripping from the ceiling.) Once aware of the devastation wrought by Russia's winters, one overlooks the leprous façades of the buildings.

The women are mostly dressed in woollen skirts, quilted grey woollen tops, and they wear a knitted shawl tied over their heads, and felt boots—called *valenki*—reaching to the knee. This is a logical costume considering the work many women do. All children wear the same hats with fur-lined flaps which blow in the wind like spaniels' ears. The babies, half-smothered in shawls, are concealed in multi-coloured quilted packages carried in their mothers' arms. The more fashion-conscious women wear a Basque beret or a fur toque. Some have handsome astrakhan or fox collars. The elite—wives of theatre directors, artists, writers, dancers, the few people allowed to go to Embassy receptions—are dressed with a certain luxury and taste. At the gala performance given at the Opera in honour of the delegates, Mme. Molotov's dress, which was made in Moscow, was simple and smart. (The diplomats who have copies of Vogue to lend get them back weeks later well thumbed.) Army officers look dashing in long cloaks and handsome leather boots. Important officials wear bulky, fur-lined overcoats with fur hats made in a variety of shapes.

Most restaurants consist of big rooms with elaborate decorations—painted columns and gilt ceilings. There is no attempt at lighting effects—just the naked glare of enormous chandeliers or nineteenth-century lamps supported by bronze cupids. Tables are often decorated with pyramids of fruit: oranges, bananas, and apples from the Crimea—almost always a bottle of champagne. The menu offers a considerable choice, consisting of local fish, meat, Salad Parisian—called in Paris *Salade Russe*. In place of hors d'œuvres there is caviar and vodka, but, other than rice, there is only one vegetable—cabbage.

These restaurants are substitutes for the non-existent night clubs. Their clientele is about the same as that of the theatre; "work heros" or "heros of the Soviet Union" are entitled to these advantages, are allowed to dance to the sound of the raucous restaurant jazz. Liquor and food are expensive, and there is a minority of workers among the dancers.

Ivan the Terrible is no longer the tyrant described by Karamzine, the historian, or the Marquis de Custine in 1839. The currently approved version of Ivan's reign is a play by dramatist Count Alexei Tolstoi, which is performed every week, often simultaneously at several theatres. Soloviev, one of the most distinguished Soviet actors, is the *(Continued on page 88)*

PEASANT HUTS—ON A COLLECTIVE FARM NEAR MOSCOW

City Shantung by Mainbocher

SENHORA MOREIRA SALLES of Rio de Janeiro, is the wife of Walther Moreira Salles, of the well-known Brazilian family. Here she wears Shantung by Mainbocher; a solid proportion of colour, two parts light, one part dark. Here, in his own traditions of clarity of line and fine detail, a dress of cream-in-coffee Shantung; a black Shantung duster, lined with the material of the dress. Natural linen pumps by Evins; to order, I. Miller.

SENHORA FEREIRA SALLES
is also of Rio de Janeiro.
Formerly Peggy Healey
of New York, she is the wife
of Aloysio Fereira Salles.
Like Senhora Moreira Salles
(their husbands are distant
cousins), she wears
Shantung—proportioned
in descending sevenths:
one part white, two in black,
four parts, the length of
royal blue skirt. With it,
Mainbocher's old love,
the little extra stole, in the
three colours of the dress.
The black linen pumps
by Evins; to order, I. Miller.

BLUMENFELD

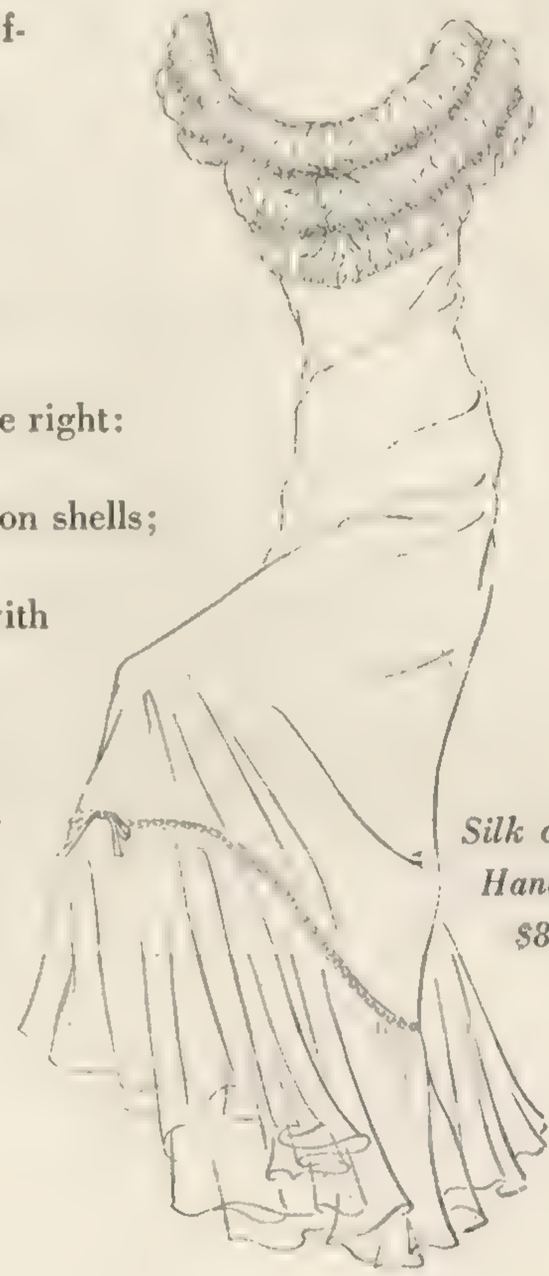
Night dresses

Summer forecast: Fair and cooler for that important third of your life—asleep, or at the edge of sleep. Now that lingerie is back in good variety, in plenty, you can again choose a wardrobe of night clothes as you like them.

Night dresses of handkerchief-thin cotton with soap-bubble froth detail reminiscent of Empire and Victorian days.

Night dresses like these on the right: a rayon satin with inset chiffon shells; a silk chiffon Empire dress, with a shirred ribbon-run bodice; or a crêpe gown and peignoir, both yokes lace-appliquéd.

Rayon satin; pink or white. Chevette design $23 at I. Magnin.



Silk chiffon; blue or white. Handmade by Tewi; $83 at Lord and Taylor.

Narco rayon crêpe; tearose, white. By Tula. About $30. Altman.

Cotton batiste (at left) *to wear as the coolest possible sheer summer night dress. Empire lines fall from a square, front and back, Alençon-type lace yoke; the sleeves are baby lace-trimmed puffs, the look is a peignoir look of touch-me-not delicacy, fresh as a shower. Iris design, in white only. $13 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Lindner Coy; Harzfeld's.*

HORST

On this page, three night dresses of Celanese rayon jersey that could be the greater part of your summer sleep wardrobe—at-home or week-end. Have them in a variety of colours—aquamarine, pink, yellow, arbutus—fold them to a little space. Quick in the tub, they take but a moment to press; they are the sum and substance of what to wear to keep cool in summer.

Halter-neck night gown with drawstring skirt. Celanese rayon jersey. By Henson; $6. Abraham & Straus; Titche-Goettinger; Filene's.

Short sleeper, wrap skirt to wear or not. Celanese rayon jersey. By Henson; $9. Bloomingdale's; Titche-Goettinger; Filene's.

Night dress with diagonal shoulder strap. By Henson; $6. Bloomingdale's; Titche-Goettinger; Filene's.

Midsummer morning (opposite).

By an open window—the better to dry your nails—in a stream of early sunlight. The new bright polish—Naylon's "Primitive" red; the new bright idea—Naylon's manageable pen-like stemmed brush....In the warm summer hours, early and very late, wear a frost-cool and white peignoir. Made—and this is new after a long absence—of Swiss cotton batiste, a mist of cloth cut on Victorian lines. A Valenciennes lace rim at neck and elbows, a pleated yoke, carefully stitched, puff sleeves make the quaint, yesterday look of this summer's things. There is a matching night dress to wear with it, with lace-edged camisole neckline, an inset lace band to ruffle the full skirt. Iris design; the set, $55. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's; Neiman-Marcus.

Paris ideas for the beach

Provocative as ever, now with new coverage. Brilliant—or soft, faded water-colours. *Left:* Middy jacket lined in Shantung to match the very narrow slacks. *Right:* Full beach skirt over one-piece jersey shift with bloused knickerbockers. Both, Jacques Fath.

Terry cloth coat-into-towel. Hermès.

Printed cotton platform espadrilles by Calixte.

Sailor slacks, bright bolero, and sand-pail bags; Schiaparelli.

Cabaña-striped dress over narrowed pantaloons. Molyneux.

Wool jersey all-in-one beach suit. Hermès.

Left: Cambric draped to a T. Grès's bow-tied shorts; bandage-wrapped top.

Right: Wool shirt over striped cotton jumper. Faded blue linen slacks. All at Fath.

Low-necked shirt; kilt-back skirt; suède sandals. Calixte.

Under the coolie hat–wool-knit top; linen pedal pushers. Piguet.

Décolleté blouse in silk surah to contrast the tailored shorts. Balmain.

BLUMENFELD

HER HIGHNESS, THE MAHARANI SITA-DEVI OF BARODA

Meditation on solitude

A well-known English novelist, meditating over confusion, finds the only answer in solitude

BY RUMER GODDEN

THERE is an Indian proverb that says "You only grow when you are alone." But alone with myself lately I find my thoughts running something like this: "Roses, two bunches will do—yellow roses on the pillar in that Gwen John painting of the courtyard, was it Normandy or Venice?—Venetian glass galleries, Amanda's wedding present—2.15 St. Martin's—farthings—oranges and lemons—Janet's party shoes—Janet, too much homework, over-driven, juvenile crime, children's courts, Pickup Girl, speak to Miss Robinson at once—poor Miss Robinson—acne cream—no more cream of tartar—no more homemade bread—must get white grapes to go with fish—fish, ask Pringles to the Bay next August—wish we could have a hot. hot summer—but all that watering—roses—two bunches—better get three...."

I used to have, once upon a time, solitude in myself: a place apart, "a room of one's own," a cell into which no one could go except myself, where I could always be sure of finding myself, alone and solitary. It was so real that I could be alone in it whether I were really alone or not. I never minded being alone—I welcomed it; but now, now...I find I have to share it with a scatty stunted little creature incapable of following a thought, incapable of height or space or rest, a little squirrel creature going round and round, restless and terribly disturbing. Is it myself? It can't be. But it is. I don't want to be left alone with it, but how else can I get to know it and make it be still so that it...it can hear and see and taste and smell and touch life again, and grow to its proper adult size? What is the matter with it? What can I do?

If I could have someone to comfort me, at just this minute, I should choose St. Catherine of Sienna, though, being Catherine, her comfort would be astringent; anyway she is dead. She died in 1380, ardent and sincere, as she lived, the most remarkable woman of her time, which was almost as turbulent and painful as ours. She was fierce, with a soaring imagination; she was democratic, she wrote as fearlessly to the Pope about his behaviour as she did to Monna Agnese, the tailor's wife, on hers; but she was tender, too; she believed in souls. Souls? I have forgotten what that means. "That part of man that thinks, feels desires; the seat of life: essence: internal power: energy of grandeur of mind: a human being: a Person" (dictionary). Who would believe that was there in this little squirrel? Catherine would.

"Catherine. What shall I do?"

Is she dead? From her *Letters* her voice comes clearly down the centuries to me.

"Open the eye of thine intellect."

"Yes, Catherine. I think so too, but...what is the *matter* with me, Catherine?"

"...hold confusion of mind as worse than all other faults."

"Confusion of mind? Y-es. *Yes!* but...*worse* than *all* other faults?"

Her answer, a little farther down the page, is uncompromising. "It is a leprosy that dries up soul and body...and does not let one do what one would," says Catherine. "It makes the soul unendurable to itself...and darkens its natural light." A leprosy! Surely that is an exaggeration, but...is it an exaggeration?

Consider any religion, any philosophy; don't they all teach this single quietness of mind and withdrawal to achieve it? They all hold it as essential. Catherine's religion, for instance, has that wise custom to save human wear and tear, the Retreat, made yearly if not more often, two or three days removed from all ties, from the family, from the world, into a cloistered impersonality where problems and urgencies sink back to their true size, which is little; but we are not all of the Catholic faith. Well, Catherine had no cloister; she kept her vows in her own home and she had twenty-four brothers and sisters!

"Venetian galleries — Janet's shoes — white grapes..."

No!

To puzzle out the things that puzzle me and try to understand them; to delight in the things that delight me and try to understand them; to bear the things that must be borne and try to understand them; that needs time and quiet and space, solitude; and in my own time and quiet and space surely I shall grow.

"Make two homes for thyself, my daughter. One actual home...and another...which thou art to carry with thee always."

Catherine's way of saying good-bye is abrupt. She says, "I say no more," and closes her letter.

The Maharani of Baroda (opposite), *wife of the Maharaja of Baroda, was recently here with her husband, the ruler of some 3,000,000 Indians. One of India's richest, most progressive princes, he came to study American industrial methods in cotton, tobacco, and chemicals. In Baroda, he is a pioneer in education and women's rights. The Maharani is photographed in an Indian sari; diamonds and rubies from her jewel collection.*

Road show...1947

A map, a plan, plus your car, equals a holiday.

Good roads show off the country—timetables are expendable—a piece of summer becomes yours—as you like it.

Plastic wheel; deep blue and chrome panel.

Strong guards; new grillwork design.

A look at length—at unique design.

The Lincoln Continental coupe: Lithe lines and low-to-the-road build here add up to a distinguished 1947 profile. Looks are backed up by sailing-smooth driving—and utility is nowhere sacrificed to looks. Seating capacity is for six (spacious as a sedan), doors and windows, front seat, back seat, are wide-view, and push-button operated. The upholstery will be custom-made to your choice.

The Studebaker Commander coupe: Raymond Loewy's pattern for an easy-going road car. Really a new design, newly engineered from tires to top. Built lower and wider for easy handling; built with glass aplenty for greater visibility. Studebaker's luxuries go hand in hand with economy—the automatic overdrive saves gas. Inside, springs are soft, space is liberal; the sight-seeing horizon as wide as a cockpit. Airplane-minded, too, the black-light dashboard, to make night driving easy on the eyes. Result: a country rambler, city cruising car for you and four more.

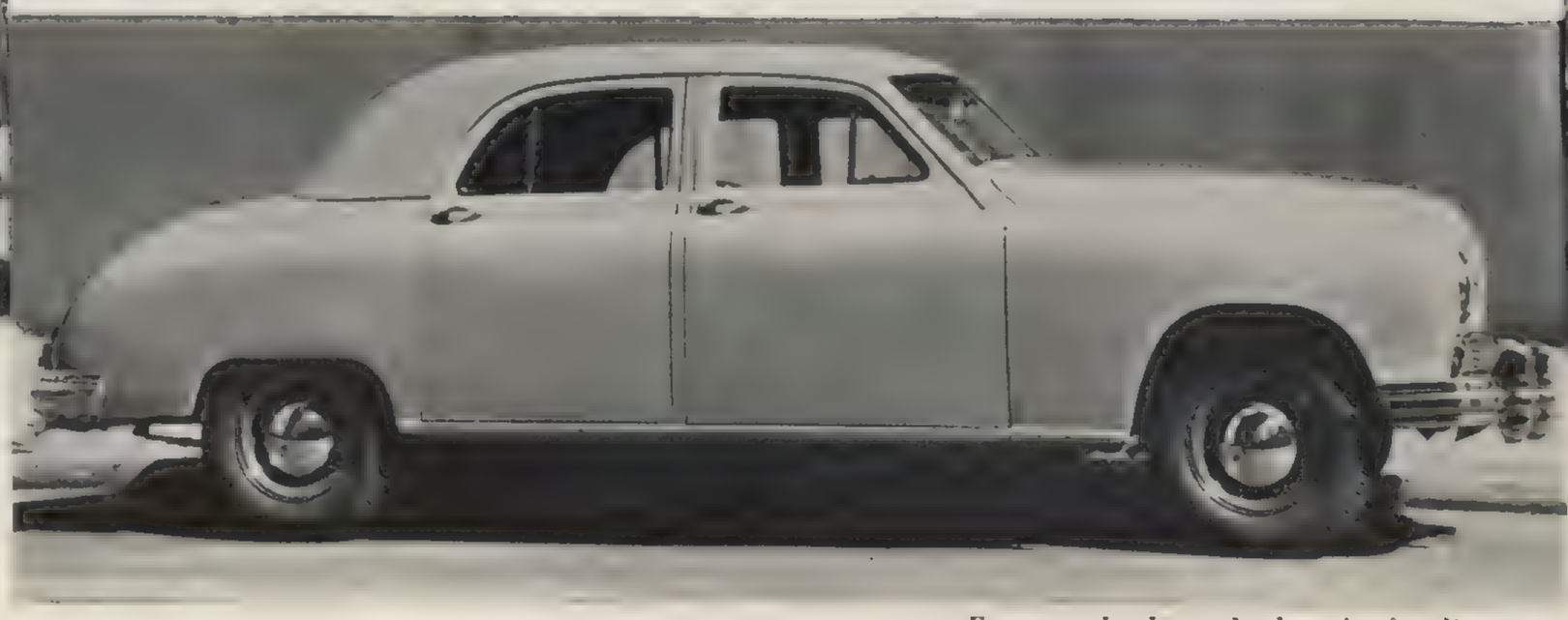
New black light dash. Instruments clear, minimum.

Windows on the world all around.

Front length—back length.

Wide wheel base.

Width with a slim look.

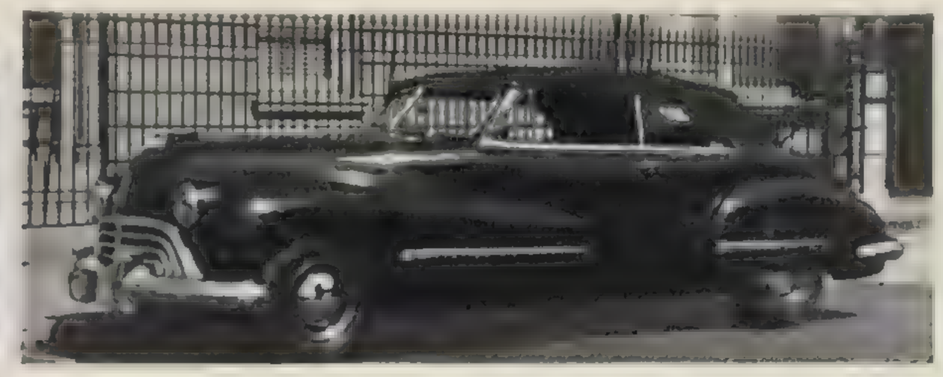


Front to back—unbroken fender line.

Indirect lighting on the dashboard.

The Frazer 4-door sedan: With the thought that simplicity is grace, Frazer has built a car stripped of unnecessaries. Chromium is utilitarian only. Line and form, 1947 fashion, become beauty by way of practicality—length for smooth driving, and untapered width to make the back seat unusually wide—an unusually comfortable place for three. Push-button doors keep children safely inside (or out); inside and out—the colour scheme harmonizes.

Hydra-matic drive at the wheel.



Man-on-the-street's eye view.

The Oldsmobile convertible—with its Hydra-matic Drive—offers the line of least resistance. No need to bother with gears or clutch. You are responsible only for steering, the gas, and the brake. Hydra-matic Drive (optional with all Oldsmobiles) keeps company with a body by Fisher, power-operated roll-away top, leather upholstery.

Sealed-Beam headlights.

Seen from the driver's seat. Easy-to-read dials against grey; plastic wheel, expanse of windshield.

The Buick sedan: Size and comfort are, as here, companionable qualities. Buick's 1947 is large and handsome, is, in spite of its size, as easy to handle as a lighter car.

Buick's merits are well established. Its frame is rugged, its springs gentle. Whether cross-country travelling or Sunday driving, its speed-built lines offer comfort, a sense of safety.

JOFFÉ

Framework—width and style.

RAWLINGS

... add black veiling

Make mine black *VOGUE DESIGNS FOR DRESSMAKING*

... add wrap-strap sandals

This is night-scene, city-scene. Your dress—half-long, a dark showcase for your summer tan. You'll make it, or have it made, this year, of the lightest silk taffeta, of stiff tissue-faille; to have for a city week end. And this year, too, roof-dining above the city's lights, you'll wear it with a shadow of veiling, caught by a favourite jewel, a cabbage rose; with slight sandals, the thin straps wound high; a summer-fur cape, cover from the air-cooled breezes. *Opposite:* a slim sheath for dancing, late dining in town. Vogue Design No. 5871, made here in black taffeta; its hemline sweeps lower in back; the bodice buttons tightly from the low-oval neckline to a point of waist. *Above:* a dancing dress, Vogue Design No. 6109, made here of black taffeta. The neckline is squared off low, back and front; the skirt fulls out like a ballerina's. For other views, sizes, of both Designs, see page 94.

Black with Paris influence

The "small black dress" turns Paris plans to American ways; is a shadow in summertime of coming autumn lines. The Paris point to watch is the skirt—made with roundness, greater length. *Left:* Rounding hipline of rayon faille over a little-shouldered rayon crêpe dress. $30. *Right:* Rounding hipline in a wave-length of rayon faille on a rayon crêpe, narrow-topped dress. $30. Both at Bonwit Teller; Carson Pirie Scott; Halle Bros.

American versions of a Paris hallmark—the little black dress. Here are five of the best. done with credit to the new Paris theme: the full rounded hip, the longer skirt, the smallest waist; the tops simple, small-shouldered, long-sleeved. *Left:* Skirt-plan of pleats—cut quite long; the top, a long line broken by a hip-side bow. $45. *Centre:* Skirt spread by a spray of tucks all around; waist, a cummerbund. $50. *Right:* Skirt built in wide tiers, gathered to a cummerbund; $45. All dresses by Larry Aldrich in Bloomsburg Avisco rayon crêpe. At Bendel's Young-Timers; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.

All of these clothes and clothes-ideas are meant for a woman who is going to have a baby—and look pretty through it all. The designing-theory behind each of the three costumes on this page—a stiffly flared jacket, softly full sleeves.

MRS. ARTHUR CAMERON, *in screen-life Kay Aldridge, is photographed in some of the clothes she wore while waiting for her baby.*

Green suit of linen-like rayon, $25. Again, the white blouse, shown far left. By Page Boy. Lord & Taylor.

Disguising dinner dress of coral rayon crêpe by Duplex. Quilted jacket, slim skirt; $70. White blouse; $25. By Page Boy. Lord & Taylor.

Dressing for two

BY ALICE S. MORRIS

One of the most wonderful women in my memory is a fat woman who persisted in dressing in contrariness to every rule for a stylish stout. Because this woman counted on colour, wit, and improvisation to give her the dash and loveliness her figure couldn't, she has meaning (she did for me) for anyone carrying a baby. So has her philosophy of "face the facts, and hang the conventions!" Tight black dresses, slimming lines and colours, small patterns—these were not for her. Her skirts were as wide as the winds, the patterns of her memorable chiffons Gargantuan, and her talent for colours the most uninhibited and self-flattering I ever remember to have seen. She might appear at the beach in a flyaway, sulphur yellow coat over a great-skirted dress the blue of a gas flame; or arrive for dinner wearing a taffeta skirt the pale brown of wrapping paper, a shirt of off-white lace, and cherry slippers. She avoided bulky collars and built-up shoulders. This was her only concession to her *status quo:* she looked small where she could. Where she couldn't, she disdained the vain pretense and looked wonderful instead. Face the facts, and hang the conventions....The irrefutable fact

GEORGE PLATT LYNES

At left, and below: two more ways with the short tunic over a narrow skirt that's designed to stay narrow, as your waistline obligingly expands. Left, a black-and-white checked rayon taffeta tunic over a skirt of black rayon crêpe. $30. By Page Boy, at Best's.

Mrs. Cameron's version of the tunic, in stiff black silk.

Mrs. Cameron's sashed dinner dress of black taffeta.

The theory, worked out in three ways (above, right, and below)—a soft skirt with a secret panel made to expand. Right, accordion pleated panel on a water-green Duplex rayon crêpe dress. By Page Boy, $50. Saks Fifth Avenue.

Left, clean stripes to close over a laced-in panel. In chambray-like rayon, by Page Boy. $20. Bonwit Teller.

of pregnancy is a big waist growing into the biggest thing about you. The basic convention of fashion is a small waistline suggesting it is the smallest thing about you. One is anathema to the other. And most of the dodges employed to make them seem compatible—top-heavy shoulders, lolloping bows and flounces intended to overshadow, and thus minimize, the local *largesse*—only add insult to injury. Since you will be big through the middle, plan to be small somewhere else. To look big all over (a hulk, a chunk, a bungle) is to sacrifice line on every æsthetic level. Keep your shoulders slim, your necklines unconfused, your gloves short or near-short, your coiffure close, your feet neat. Since the lines of your figure will be disorderly, the lines of your clothes must be precise and clean, and their fabrics crisp and stand-offish (paper-stiff cottons and silk Shantungs). Choose colours that do wonderful things for you—as colour—not as camouflage. Since six months is a short shift, have a small wardrobe, easy to keep spotless and fresh. But have a good one. If you can find lines that accept the contours of pregnancy without losing line, colours that reward your vanity, fabrics that are in themselves beautiful, you will avoid that fatal cliché about maternity clothes—that anything you wear waiting for baby, you'll never want to wear again. An expensive silk or fine shirting in a colour you love is a reconversion feature in itself. And anything that becomes you now will twice become you later.

Left: *A basket of English wicker with service for four: two pint Thermos bottles, sandwich boxes, $39, Mark Cross. Dispensit Thermo-jug, 9-qt. capacity, folding spigot, for liquid, frozen, or hot foods. $23, Abercrombie & Fitch.*

Below: *An icebox for perishable foods. Pack-A-Snack, $7. Lewis & Conger. Coleman G.I. gasoline stove; cylindrical containers for cooking; $10, Abercrombie & Fitch. Swiss pocket knife with a pigskin case, $10. Mark Cross.*

Portable food

GRIGSBY

LOOKING out at you from this page is what can be the entire kitchen staff of a country week end—food that is planned and prepared ahead of time and carried, in protective wrappings, to beach, boat, or house. It can be a one-meal picnic, or a week-end supply of food—but the way to make this kind of eating more of a rest cure than a workout is this: enough equipment (and good, sound equipment is not an elaboration that goes against nature) and enough well-planned food. With the news that containers are back in the shops again, and better, more compact, after wartime experimentation—we have asked three food specialists to suggest menus and food which they, or you, could prepare in advance, and which travel well. As for equipment: you can find nicely furnished wicker, leather, or striped canvas cases with service for two to six people. Thermos jugs range in size from pint to nine-quart capacity, the latter with folding spigot. Portable, lightweight, but sturdy, insulated ice chests provide storage for all kinds of perishable foods, and can keep frozen foods frozen as long as dry ice lasts. Then there's an object called the "Pail Master," a 10-quart galvanized bucket that wears a Fiberglas overcoat, making the pail an ideal carrier for ice or iced foods, or hot foods in casseroles. Fiberglas, in fact, turns up in all manner of shapes to help to insulate all kinds of food: drawstring duffel bags; two-handled, slide-fastened square-bags; and Fiberglas wraps that have the obliging, non-specific shape of a blanket. The famous war-born Coleman G.I. stove, which folds up into two aluminum cylinders, can cook at least six meals on a two-gallon fueling of high-test gasoline. And the smallest, the lightest stove of all—the tiny aluminum trivet, plus a Heatab tablet which provides heat for two hours—is adequate for warming up any pre-cooked foods. As for food: all of the food on the menus listed here can be ordered completely prepared *(Continued on page 90)*

THINK GAMES

(Continued from page 51)

will serve as an individual ballot box.

Although there are twenty characteristics on which each player will be judged, for a group of casual acquaintances the first 10 are enough. The game, however, is more fun, more absorbing, when played with a group qualified to judge each other on the full 20.

List of characteristics

A. Beauty	K. Knowledge
B. Kindness	L. Generosity
C. Sex appeal	M. Intuition
D. Intelligence	N. Integrity
E. Charm	O. Balance
F. Sense of humour	P. Sportsmanship
G. Taste	Q. Tolerance
H. *Joie de vivre*	R. Modesty
I. Common sense	S. Sincerity
J. Friendliness	T. Sensitivity

Each characteristic is given a letter in order to protect the anonymity of the ballot and guard against handwriting identification.

For expediency's sake we will call one of the players "Jane." The moderator begins the game by asking the group to consider her. He reads off a characteristic and its letter, asks each player to apply it to Jane and give a considered rating. (Rating is based on 10 as the perfect score. The world's greatest beauty could get no higher rating than a 10, rare indeed would be the beauty entitled to more than 8, and 5 is considered an average score.)

After each player has been rated on all characteristics, the ballots are collected and placed in the ballot envelope labelled with that player's name. When all the ballot envelopes are filled, each person is called upon to rate himself or herself on all qualifications: this personal evaluation is not to be what one thinks of oneself *but according to one's estimate of how* "Others See Me." When each player has filled out this ballot it is passed to the player at the right and held in escrow for future use.

The moderator and assistant now leave the room taking the ballot envelopes with them. (The averaging up of the scores can take as long as half an hour and is easier to do without anxious players breathing down the calculator's neck.)

The moderator finds that Jane's beauty has been rated anywhere from 6 to 8 and averages 6⅕. The 5 appraisals of her beauty add up to 34, which when divided by 5 results in an average of 6⅕.

Jane		Group average	Jane's estimate	Difference
A. Beauty	6 7 8 7 6	6⅕	8	1⅕
B. Kindness	3 4 6 4 5	4⅖	4	⅖
C. Sex Appeal	8 9 7 7 9	8	8	0
D. Intelligence	6 5 7 6 8	6⅖	8	1⅗

After this process has been repeated for the rest of Jane's characteristics, as well as those of the other players, the moderator and his assistant return to report their findings.

The moderator announces, "On beauty, Jane's average is 6⅕." The player sitting to Jane's right unfolds the slip of paper on which Jane made her own estimate and reports that Jane rated herself 8 on beauty. The moderator enters this figure on Jane's chart and announces the difference between the group estimate and the personal estimate.

This process is continued until the scores of all Jane's characteristics have been read out, compared to her own estimates, and the differences entered on her chart. The total of these differences becomes Jane's score—low score wins. (In figuring the differences, it does not matter in which direction the self-estimate erred; if the group average on one characteristic was 8, the score would be the same if Jane had rated herself 7 or 9—in either case the difference would have been 1 point.)

It is advisable before starting the game to let the moderator read out the 10 or 20 characteristics, making sure that each player interprets them similarly. Also, make certain the scale of rating is understood—10 is perfection in the characteristic; 5 is a good average, not a low ebb. On both rating and definition of characteristics, a general pre-game understanding is essential.

* * * * *

NOTE: Answer to the game *Who Am I?* on page 51: the famous American in the riddle is Wendell Willkie.

ITALIAN COOKING

(Continued from page 53)

Mr. Innocenti's country place is described on pages 52-53 of this issue. Here are two of his best recipes (each serves four).

CHICKEN SOUP INNOCENTI

Take about a quart and a half of rich chicken stock, heat almost to a boil, and let simmer. Beat an egg. Add a handful of parsley and a dash of cream to the egg and stir. A few minutes before taking the soup off the fire, add in this order: a handful of *pastine* (small alphabet noodles), the egg mixture, a large piece of soft butter, and, finally, a little freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

VEAL WITH PROSCIUTTO

Use eight medium-small veal slices, cut thin as a cracker. Trim off all fat. If the veal is not tender enough, roll with a wooden roller. Dip in beaten egg, then roll in bread crumbs.

Cut the *prosciutto* (Italian ham) into eight thin slivers, the size of the pieces of veal. Place a veal slice above each slice of *prosciutto*. Fry in butter in a heavy iron pan. Frying will take only a few minutes, as both meats are very thin. Before serving, sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

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For your Hands: Endocreme's Hand Beauty, excellent, fine-spun balm for your hands, contains estrogen (precious pampering agent for mature skins). If your hands have a tired, I-can't-go-on look about them, Franklin Simon has Hand Beauty.

For your Hair: Where there's a healthy head of hair—there's a brighter sheen in the offing. The proper mixture of Harper Gleam and lukewarm water should leave your hair a thing of beauty and a joy between washings—with more shine and a soft finish. This is something you might discuss with your Harper Method hairdresser or with yourself if you do your own hair.

For your Legs: Liquid stockings to carry you over the transition period between white and tanned legs. Tussy's Show-Off, tawny-beige film for your legs, should be smoothed on with one long sweep of the hand. Stern's has it.

For your Eyes: Jacquet's three-way plan for brighter eyes in a smoother setting. Three aids packaged together at McCreery's Beauty Salon. Cerefeuille astringent lotion—wash for your eyes via the eye-dropper. Crème Appateer, balm for the delicate skin around the eye, and Herbal Eye Pads to soft-pedal strain.

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The simple, classic maillot: of black, wool-knit jersey. Straps can be adjusted. $6, at Altman.

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NOTES ON MOSCOW

(Continued from page 61)

most popular interpreter of the rôle of the patriot Ivan, who defended his country against Eastern and Western aggressors and protected his people from exploitation by the *boyars*.

It is the cinemas, however, that draw the biggest public. They have seven shows a day, the first beginning at nine in the morning which makes attendance of night workers possible. While I was in Moscow, only Soviet films were being shown.

The Bolshoi Theatre (or Grand Theatre) is also the opera house, but it owes its reputation more to the fame of its ballets than to that of its operas. Its décor is reminiscent of La Scala, and the Bolshoi means as much to the people of Moscow as La Scala does to Milanese.

BALLERINAS AND DOLLS

The three prima ballerinas, Ulyanova, Semenova, and Lepeshinskaya, have all been awarded the Stalin Prize—the supreme distinction for any artist. Also Stalin prize winners are the two popular male dancers, Preobrajensky and Gabovitch.

There were no changes or additions to the ballet programs during the period of the conference. "*Giselle*" and "*Lac du Cygne*" were danced to perfection, the ballerinas wearing *tutus* of exquisite lightness and proportions. The most recent productions of the Bolshoi were "Romeo and Juliet" and "Cinderella." These seemed, to our taste—which is more accustomed to contrived stylization and simplification—to be over-rich in décor, the costumes too bright and harsh in colour. Stylization, and more particularly our way of doing it, is, moreover, classified in the Soviet mind as a synonym of decadence. Education of the public is the primary aim of the spectacles, which are often completely devoid of fantasy. But aside from these divergences of taste in production, the perfect technique of the ballet corps held—by the masterful finish and harmony of Prokofiev music and the remarkable precision of the choreography—the enthusiastic admiration of the foreign delegates, many of whom went each night to the Bolshoi Theatre.

The folk ballets of Igor Moisseiev at the Tchaikovsky Hall were another great attraction. There is no possible criticism to make of the settings or costumes; the dancers whirled in front of a white curtain wearing regional costumes—Slovak, Polish, Ukrainian, Hungarian, Byelo-Russian. Their gayety, enthusiasm, and lightness were intoxicating, as was the music of balalaikas and accordions.

One of the most imaginative sources of entertainment in Moscow is the Obrastzov Doll Theatre. In this marionette theatre one finds ingenuity of décor and a finesse which is nearly occidental. (It can be compared to no other theatre of its kind, and nothing can give an idea of the richness of invention which inspired the creation of the dolls, as well as the music.) It was here more than any other place that it was possible to weigh the effort being made by the Soviet theatre. Obrastzov gives as many as four shows daily, and, as might be expected, his success with adults is as great as that with children. Incidentally, he has a branch theatre in Leningrad, and during the summer travels by truck all over the U.S.S.R. giving special performances.

In the U.S.S.R. it is thought that French painting reached its full flower with Corot; the importance of the painters who succeeded him is a subject of much discussion. Examples of their work—many of the finest—were formerly shown at the Museum of Western Art, but are not exhibited at the moment. This collection includes Monet's "*Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*," Renoir's "*La Jeune Fille en Noir*," Cézanne's "*Mardi-Gras*," as well as works by Degas, Gauguin, Matisse, Derain, and Van Gogh. (Collected by Shchukin.) Also closed to the public was another great collection, gathered by Morosov, which includes the work of Pissarro, Sisley, Rouault, Rodin, and Maillol.

There was no difficulty in seeing the collected work of Konchalovsky, who, with Gerasimov, is one of the most acclaimed painters of U.S.S.R. Their canvases wear the stamp of classicism in the grand manner. Mr. Konchalovsky, who spent much time in Paris, has a taste for French painting and speaks articulately on the subject.

ICONS AGAIN

One of the most interesting things in the art world was the workshop where icons confiscated and looted by the Germans are now being restored. This work is being done in a church—a copy of a twelfth-century church—built by the Grand Duchess Elizabeth in memory of her murdered husband Grand Duke Sergei, Governor of Moscow. The beauty of these icons is breathtaking. While I visited this workshop I noticed an aged Russian woman; profiting by the general inattention of all around her, she bowed her head and made the sign of the cross several times in front of the celebrated Madonna of St. Vladimir, which formerly hung outside the door of the church of St. Vladimir.

My last impression of Moscow was of its children. At the end of my stay I visited both principal ballet schools: the one attached to the Bolshoi Theatre, directed by Zaharoff, and the popular Dance Conservatory. The charm, discipline, and politeness of the pupils was impressive. Some of these twelve-year-old children were the sons and daughters of peasants, others third-generation descendants of dancers. At one of the schools an old lady of great distinction, Margarita Vassilieva, was speaking to them in French in the manner in which one might direct a cotillion at a fashionable ball; she said, "And now, children, let us dance a Polonaise."

LINEN-Y SUMMER SHOES

Opera pump (shown also on pages 62 and 63), a fine answer to summer in the city, night and day. In white linen, to be dyed to match any colour you choose. By Evins; to order at I. Miller.

Flat sandal of natural linen, strapped to your ankles with brown calf, cut all the way down on one side. To wear at home, at the country club, by the pool. By Evins; to order at I. Miller.

Shell pump, good for city-summer, cut very low, your instep crossed with a tiny strap. Of white linen and very cool looking. The medium heel is good for walking, or dancing. $20. By Capezio.

BAKER

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PORTABLE FOOD

(Continued from page 80)

GRIGSBY

More good gear: Left, *two Fiberglas insulated food carriers. $5 to $10.* Top, *portable grill by Androck. $6. All, Hammacher-Schlemmer. Cooking equipment, fourteen pieces as a unit. $10. Lewis & Conger.*

and housed in proper containers from the specialist in each case; or, if you'd rather, you can plan to duplicate on your own. If the latter is your choice, plan to profit from the caterer's packaging: cut-up greens for salads should be kept in Cellophane bags; compotes, sauces, and dressings should be kept in their own screwtop jars, to be mixed with whatever, at serving time. Fruit, salad, dairy things should be kept in a portable ice-chest or Thermos carrier; and Fiberglas overcoats will insulate anything else that's doubtful (precooked leg of lamb, for instance).

PICNIC AT THE BEACH

The specialist in this case is Mrs. John Hanrahan, directress of The Cookery, at 947 Madison Avenue. For a picnic lunch, her plans are these:

Tomato sandwiches: thick slices of tomato put together with cream cheese and chives. *Sirloin steak sandwiches* with water cress—a flat-bone sirloin steak broiled on the rare side is placed on a rimmed, flat pan; it is then spread with butter, salt, and pepper, and cut up into fine slices, covered with gravy, and left to absorb the sauce. Then, just before the picnic box is packed, the steak is put between well-buttered slices of fairly thickly-cut white bread, and garnished with water cress. *Potato salad. Fresh pineapple* chunks soaked in sherry, and chilled with pieces of cut-up marshmallows. *Chocolate cake* cut into individual slices and wrapped with waxed paper. All this, for two people, is $5.75.

COUNTRY-HOUSE WEEK END

For one and a half days' food in an oven-furnished week-end house, Nata Lee, of 1046 Madison Avenue, New York, has worked out the following:

Saturday Lunch: Sea-fruit salad involving chunks of cooked halibut, cut-up celery, green pepper, a marine dressing, with a garnish of lettuce, asparagus tips, deviled eggs, water cress, and tomatoes, packed, for each person, on a Cellophane-covered plate. Bread and butter sandwiches. Salted nuts. Thin cookies. Hot coffee from a Thermos.

Saturday Dinner: A leg of lamb which has been roasted before travelling needs only a twenty-minute reheating in an oven. With it, apricots stuffed and cooked in the pocket made by the removal of the bone; potatoes, carrots, and onions which have been roasted along with the lamb. And: rolls, tossed green salad. For dessert: fresh strawberries soaked in rum and lemon juice. Cookies. And of course, hot coffee. (The entrée alone, to serve 6 to 8 people: about $15.)

Late Breakfast, Sunday: Orange wedges garnished with a strawberry saved from last night's dessert. Eggs Thermidor—whole, hard boiled eggs in a thick cream sauce with a lid of grated cheese, all pre-cooked in the same casserole in which they're brought along, reheated, and served. Pastry crescents, simple coffee cake, and coffee.

SAILING WEEK END

Four meals for a Friday night to Sunday afternoon sail—as planned by Casserole Kitchen (782 Madison Avenue). Breakfast is left to you to work out with these suggestions—*croissants* instead of toast, and hard-boiled eggs. For meal-patching aboard a sailboat, you might plan to take meat loaf to be sliced for sandwiches, and a good Edam cheese.

Friday Dinner: Ham Imperial—a Prague-ish sort of ham, sugar-cured, sliced thin, and rolled around 4 cherries, then baked with sherry, and finally glazed with Cointreau—carried, in casserole, in a Fiberglas container. With it, tossed green salad served with a dressing of olive oil, sour cream, garlic. Homemade rolls. Fruit tarts. Coffee. (Without dessert, this meal runs to about $1.95 per person.)

Saturday Lunch: Crème Senegalese soup—sometimes called creamed chicken and curry soup—brought aboard in a Thermos jug, and served hot. Buttered whole-wheat sandwiches. Hot coffee.

Saturday Dinner: Capon *à la Rousseau*—breast of capon which has been cooked with green peppers, mushrooms, and celery on a bed of spaghetti, and topped with grated cheese. Precooked, and brought aboard in a non-breakable casserole, to be reheated before serving. With it, tossed green salad. Biscuits. Chocolate roll with a pistachio filling. (Without dessert, about $1.95 per person.)

Sunday Lunch: Cold Ham Imperial. (Friday's casserole should be large enough to provide this cold meal.)

WEEK-END PERIOD PIECE

(Continued from page 39)

oeuvre took but a few moments.... Then again the wind veered, and all the original dialogues were resumed.

Then when the savoury, which concluded the meal, was finished, the Bishop was again invited to say grace: for dessert, for some recondite reason, was not accounted a matter for public thanksgiving even though, as on this occasion, it consisted of wondrous peaches and nectarines and of grapes, rivalling the spoils of Eshcol, from the acre of glasshouses along the walls of the kitchen-garden. Then Lady Buryan caught the Ambassadress' eye, the ladies withdrew to take their coffee apart, and Lord Buryan moved round to his wife's place next the Ambassador. He could not talk French at all, and so spoke loudly and distinctly to His Excellency in English, as if to a drowsy or defective person. When a port of noble vintage had gone round twice, he rang for coffee: with coffee, cigarettes were at last permissible.

Further down the table the Liberal Secretary for Foreign Affairs was engaged in a political discussion with two members of the opposition. They were polite but worrying, and he raised his voice to reply to one of them. At that precise moment, a hush, not uncommon at Hakluyt, fell on other conversations, and his words were universally audible.

"I can't share your sense of security," he said. "I don't see any reason at all why a European war is impossible. As for the other matter, I hold it to be equally possible that we may all live to see a Labour Government in power at Westminster."

Never before had such sentiments been expressed in the Sanctuary of Toryism, and in the awkward silence that succeeded them Lord Buryan arose. It was time, in any case, to join the ladies, which was lucky.

There was a card table ready in the library, said Lady Buryan, if anyone would care for a game of Bridge. A four was made up, and they agreed to play this newer variety of the game called Auction.... The author of the *Life of Palmerston* talked to an appreciative circle; the President of the Royal Academy congratulated Lord Buryan on his ownership of that marvellous Leighton and the equally beautiful Landseers. This modern slovenly stuff, he assured him, this French impressionism, was but a fashionable fad of the moment; it would soon be obsolete, and artists would return to the fine drawing, the fine colouring, and above all, to that careful finish which distinguished the art of an earlier day. Lord Buryan quite agreed, and he particularly admired the President's picture "Tea under the Cedar" which he considered the gem of the present exhibition at Burlington House....

Another group discussed the plays of Mr. G. B. Shaw which they were unanimous in finding most amusing. You could not take him seriously, of course, he was just a naughty but entertaining child who made fun of such stereotyped ideas as mothers being tenderly devoted to their daughters, whereas they were foul-minded old women who hated them. Similarly with girls: they were not, said Mr. Shaw, coy, virginal fairies, who were ardently wooed by chivalrous young men, but hypocrites and liars as able to take good care of themselves as ironclads, and, under the urge of the life-force, relentlessly pursuing like weasels their squealing and paralysed victims. So droll! But it was misunderstanding him altogether to consider him a thinker, he was only pulling our legs, and sometimes his own; as for his socialistic notions, which some people thought dangerous, he was a rich man, and a rich socialist was as harmless as a dove.... All these interesting talks had for their leader a man; the women, conscious of their own inferiority in intellectual grasp, sat and were strengthened.

Presently the groups coalesced, and the inevitable topic of female suffrage came up. All decent women, like those assembled here, deplored the outrages that were being committed: quite lately the portrait of Henry James in the Academy had been slashed by those hooligan enthusiasts. Then there had been that horrid incident outside the Houses of Parliament: the misguided creatures had tried to force their way into the sacred precincts in order to present a petition to the Speaker. A gloomy lookout for the country if the wives and mothers of England were to behave like that. There was pensiveness in the group discussing this melancholy incident, and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs tried to disperse it.

"There was an amusing story about that," he said, "which gives a lighter side to it. As you remember, the police had to intervene, and the ringleaders were arrested and charged with disorderly conduct at the Westminster police station. Among them was a particularly strapping and active young woman, who dodged in and out of the crowd, and eventually a handsome young Hercules of a constable picked her up and carried her. When he dumped her in the police station, she said: 'Well, I 'ave 'ad a noice ride!' and he replied: 'Come again soon, ducky!'"

There was laughter, but the aftertaste was not quite agreeable. It was amusing, no doubt, but the whole subject, thought Lady Buryan, was not one for jests, and there was just a shade of coarseness about it: it implied a loose familiarity between the sexes, and she did not like having to translate the Cockneyism for the benefit of the French Ambassador. But there was no real harm in it, though perhaps it was more suited for the smoking room. She remembered, however, that Mr. Harman was a Liberal, and of very humble origin: his father, she had been told, was a baker in Northampton. All the more credit to him, then, that he had made his way to the post he now occupied.

(Continued on page 92)

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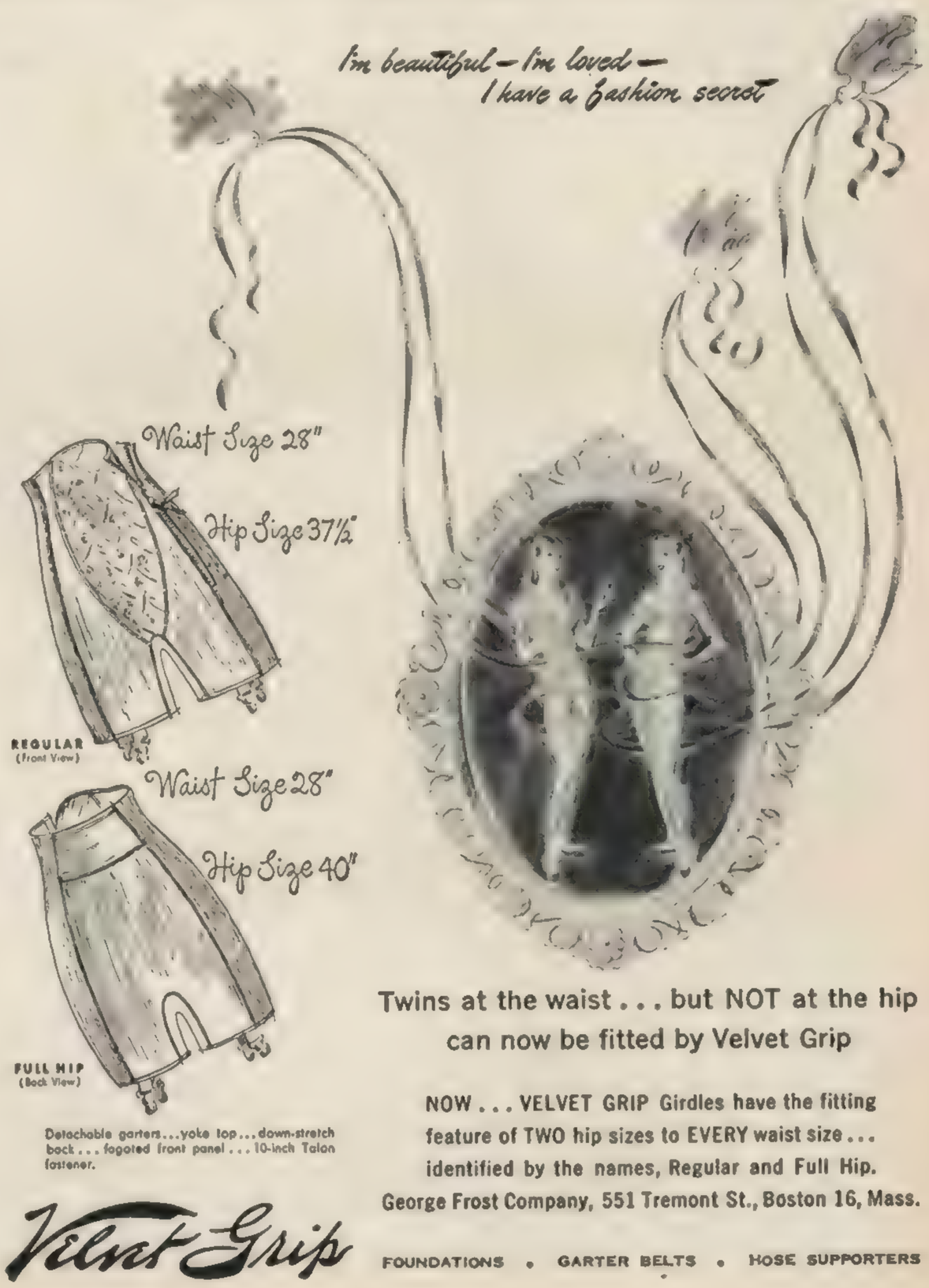

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WEEK-END PERIOD PIECE

(Continued from page 91)

No smoking had taken place during the hour of these talks; that was one of the austerities of this luxurious abode. Lady Buryan would have acknowledged that she was a little old-fashioned there, for she did not like to see women smoking in mixed assemblies; it struck her as unfeminine. As for the men, they had already had their indulgence in the dining room, and would have more, if they chose, later. But it was now close on eleven o'clock, and she was sure the ladies would be wanting to go to their rooms. Breakfast, she said, as good-nights were exchanged, would be at nine, if nobody minded so early an hour, so as to enable the servants to get to church at eleven. She did not go upstairs herself, for she waited till the Ambassadress had finished her Bridge. Most of the men changed their evening coats for smoking jackets, though one or two did not bother to do this, but went as they were into the smoking room, where presently the others joined them, wearing their braided and frogged habiliments. Lord Buryan made a more complete change and appeared in a suit of ruby-coloured velvet.

The whole party appeared at breakfast. This was a very informal meal, for only a couple of footmen were in waiting, and nobody said grace. Men stood about eating porridge, and then inspected the dishes on the sideboard. There were dishes of kedgeree, poached eggs and bacon, mushrooms from a forcing house, grilled chicken, and cold ham and tongue. They then sat down where they pleased to consume their selections; no fixed places. Lord Buryan did not approve of Sunday papers, so there were no fresh topics, but plans for the day were outlined. For the morning, of course, there was church, but for the afternoon there were many secular diversions. Some might like to play golf on the nine-hole course in the Park, some might like to see the farm, where the famous herd of Jersey cows were milked by machinery, or the stud where Lord Buryan bred shire-horses, and Lady Buryan had promised her mother, now ninety-one years of age, to take over for tea anyone who cared to accompany her. If her guests would decide now, she would telephone to her mother how many to expect. Her house was only twenty miles off, and was interesting, for it had a moat and George II had stayed there....Everybody—such was the spell of the place—felt obliged to select one of these diversions. What would have happened if they hadn't? Impossible to say; but such contingencies did not arise.

The morning was sunny, giving promise of a brilliant day, and as the church was only five minutes' walk distant, all the ladies, hospitably catechized in turn, said that they would prefer to walk and thus there would be no need for conveyances. The French Ambassador and his wife, however, were Roman Catholics, and as the nearest church of their denomination was half-an-hour's drive away, their motor would be at the door a few minutes before half-past ten, for Lady Buryan had ascertained that Mass was at eleven. Neither of their Excellencies had really intended to go, but with diplomatic tact they said it was too kind, and went, for the spell was on them.

The orthodox church party accordingly assembled in the hall at ten minutes to eleven, and as this numerous company rustled richly into church, all the village folk stood up. They disposed themselves round the sides of an immense square family pew furnished with red cushions; on a table in the centre was a library of Bibles, hymn-books, and prayer-books. The latter were of early Victorian date and included petitions for the welfare of Queen Adelaide.

A stroll through the garden and the tropical heat of the greenhouses filled up the hour before lunch, and afterwards the guests dispersed to their appointed diversions. The contingents were about equal: a third of them drove twenty miles to have tea with Lady Buryan's mother, a third to see the farm and stables with Lord Buryan, a third to play golf in the Park. The fairway of this course was a riband of mown turf lying between tussocky grass on either side: trees and tufts of gorse formed the bunkers, and there were no caddies. A few miles off only there was an admirable links, but though Lord Buryan was broad-minded enough to see no harm in playing golf on Sunday afternoon, he felt very strongly about not making extra work that day, and this golf club was taboo, since it entailed so much employment.

The party that assembled for tea was jaded: eyelids were a little weary and spirits were faint, for they had seen so many cows milked, felt so many fetlocks, or they had lost so many balls in the finely timbered Park. It was interesting, of course, to know that those two oaks which stood near the seventh green were considered by arboreal experts to be the finest specimens of Cromwellian trees in England, but it did not really console those whose approach shots had tapped sharply against the trunks of those magnificent vegetables, and had been thence deflected into impenetrable brambles; nor did the fact that the rabbit-warren—which must be crossed on the way to the ninth hole—furnished such wonderful ferreting, render less bitter the thought of the golf balls that had gone to earth there. Golfers felt they would have done better to see the moat around the house where George II had stayed. Again, when Lord Buryan produced, for the further instruction of those who had visited the stud-farm, the pedigree of that fine stallion King Pippin and traced his authentic descent through Marble White, Magellan, Madagascar, Dodo, Orange Blossom, Sirius, and Aphrodite, back it would seem to Noah's Ark, they wished they had played golf instead. Gradually they ebbed away to their bedrooms for a period of recuperative solitude.

Several neighbours came to dinner; among them was a Russian Grand Duke before whom everyone bowed or curtsied, and the parson of the parish who always dined on Sunday evening when Lord Buryan was in residence. The Grand Duke refused to take any interest in the subjects with which his hostess and the French Ambassadress plied him, he left most of his food uneaten, and smoked cigarettes between the courses. As soon as Lord Buryan perceived this he did the same, though never before in his life had he smoked during dinner....

But eleven o'clock struck at last, and there was the business of finding out what trains the guests desired to catch in the morning. The up-express from Bournemouth, though rather early (five minutes to ten), was the fastest; there was a slower one at twelve. Everybody chose the earlier, and so breakfast would be at a quarter to nine. Then came the ritual of name-signing in the visitors' book: Lady Buryan had a wonderful visitors' book full of treasures. Queen Victoria had signed it on a page kept sacredly blank; the Empress Frederick, as Crown Princess, who had stayed here for three days in 1887, had contributed a short poem in mixed German and English, of which the last two lines ran:

"Your marvellous food will
not make me lanker,
Liebe Lady Buryan, *danke,*
danke!"

Then came the frolicsome age of the nineties when those amusing games with pencil and paper afforded sport after dinner. Lord Salisbury had drawn a pig with his eyes shut—it looked like a map of South America, and he had signed it "Salisbury *fecit.*" This was pasted in; so too were specimens of that popular game "Heads, bodies, and legs." One person drew a head on a slip of paper, and turning it down so that only the juncture of the neck was visible, passed it to his neighbour who drew a body; a third, without seeing either, added legs.

Lady Buryan's most distinguished specimen was one in which Mr. A. J. Balfour had drawn a golf-ball for a head, Mr. Henry Chaplin (it was Christmas) had drawn a plum pudding for a body, and Sir Henry Stanley, the African explorer, had completed it with a pair of naked legs and a palm-tree in the background. So characteristic of them all. Today the President of the Royal Academy offered a charming little pencil drawing of the church tower among the trees, which Lady Buryan would paste into the book tomorrow. Then the men went to the smoking room and the ladies upstairs.

By half-past nine therefore in the morning all the guests had gone, and Lord and Lady Buryan were left to their magnificent solitude....

[*Editor's note:* This is a chapter taken from *As We Are* by E. F. Benson. Copyright 1932 by E. F. Benson.]

STIEGLITZ

(Continued from page 59)

the name Stieglitz is. In many quarters it has come to take on such a Messianic character that it is difficult to see the human being behind it. In fact, just as difficult as to imagine the dean of American photographers as a young man on vacation at Cortina, in 1890, setting his camera, opening the shutter, then rushing over to stretch out on the sun-baked stone steps for a self-portrait. Possibly it is only that the period covered by his activities and development is too long. For it is equally as difficult to conceive of a taste nurtured in a Victorian interior such as that of his family parlour at Lake George, New York, subtilizing to the immaculate austerity of the white-walled galleries in which he passed many of his last fifteen years.

The homely, human side of Alfred Stieglitz was the wellspring of his achievement—both as a photographer and a leader. Directness of approach was not only the basis of his contribution to modern photography, it was also the avenue by which he came to appreciate the boldest researches in the other arts of his day and a key to the stimulus he exerted in personal relationships. No matter what mask he may have worn publicly in later years—or even earlier—within was a detestation of sham.

It was Stieglitz who led the first revolt in the field of American photography with The Photo-Secession, which he founded in 1901. Stieglitz and a handful of fellow-workers felt the time had come to turn effectually against the current conventional concept of photography. "Sentimental" and "artistic" photographs had begun to dominate the exhibitions of the New York Camera Club. In addition to the sentimentality and superficial "art effects" which seemed to cumber conventional photography on all sides, "sharp" and "clear" had come to be considered basic definitions of photographic competence. On the other hand, Stieglitz and his associates believed that serious pictorial photographers should strive to secure in their prints the same fundamental "qualities that contribute to the beauty of a picture in any other medium, and ask that their work be judged by the same standards." This claim involves two necessities: first, that the photographer must have as sound a knowledge of the principles of picture-making as the painters have; and, secondly, that it is within his power as well as theirs to put personal expression into the picture. It is not enough that he shall be an artist in feeling and knowledge, but that he shall be able so to control the stages of the photographic process that the print at last shall embody the evidence of his own character and purpose, as an oil painting may do in the case of the "painter"—something more than a good likeness, something more than an accurate record of a landscape. "That this is possible has either been ignored, or denied."

And this is the quality which strikes us immediately in Alfred Stieglitz' photographs, "the evidence of his own character and purpose": on the one hand, directness, simplicity and a sense of humour; and, on the other, an interest in a leisurely and intimate exploration of the familiar with a view to drawing out of it the richest possible pictorial constituents both of form and of expression. The familiar—a commonplace of New York streets, a shot into the grass at Lake George (offering apparently nothing but an interlacing pattern of grass-stalks), a view from the window of 291 Fifth Avenue, from his apartment in the Shelton Hotel, or from "An American Place," at 509 Madison Avenue. Almost always something he saw day in, day out, knew thoroughly and, one would have thought, something completely exhausted of interest. Then that tireless, leisurely, persistent exploration of these familiar subjects. Nothing in the production of a picture was not a strictly photographic process: a procedure admitting *modifications* of the result by those means, but not an *alteration* of it.

With the opening of the "little galleries" of The Photo-Secession in 1905 began the second campaign of Stieglitz and his associates against philistinism and dead conventions in art. In 1907—the "291 galleries" held their first exhibition of work other than photographs: wash drawings by Pamela Colman Smith, an American girl (related to Joel Chandler Harris, author of the Br'er Rabbit stories) who had lived for many years in London and had been associated with Gilbert Murray, Arthur Symons, and W. B. Yeats and others in an attempt to found a Theatre of Beauty. A few months later Edward Steichen, who kept in close touch with what was going on at "291," wrote Stieglitz from Paris: "You seem to have opened the doors of Photo-Secession to things not photography. Do you want an exhibition of selected Rodin drawings?" Stieglitz cabled back, "Yes."

When Steichen arrived in New York he had also brought with him a collection of drawings and water colours illustrating the evolution of Henri Matisse. This was the real introduction of modern art to America. For these initial ventures quickly led to others comprising a long list of American "firsts": Toulouse-Lautrec etchings, Gordon Craig etchings and drawings, Cezanne, sculpture by Matisse and Manolo, African Negro sculpture, Brancusi sculpture, Picabia, Severini, and others.

Through The Photo-Secession and the invitations which Stieglitz and his fellow-photographers received to show in European exhibitions, American art made its first major impression on vanguard art abroad. Again through "291" and the periodical which Stieglitz published in 1915 by the same name, the younger painters and writers in Barcelona, Zurich, and Paris were brought into touch with activities in this country. For on his return to Europe in 1916, Francis Picabia, one of the precursors of the *Dada* movement, brought out a magazine entitled *391*, along similar lines to those of the New York *291*.

Finally by the early nineteen twenties, a corner of the American public was won over—not large, but sufficient to support a growing band of native explorers in the field of painting and sculpture. And among the boldest of these were the five artists most commonly associated today with Stieglitz' fosterage: Marin, Hartley, Demuth, Dove, and O'Keeffe. As Stieglitz himself has said in his reminiscences, *Four Happenings:*

"It was in those Photo-Secession rooms that the ice was broken for modern art in America, and that the series of demonstrations of photography as I understood it were continued. And I came more and more in touch with people, with the world, I, with nothing but the thought of liberating people from superstition, from labels, from bias and the idea that money could buy everything....

"The fight I am still fighting."

WEEK-END BEACH HOUSE

(Continued from page 48)

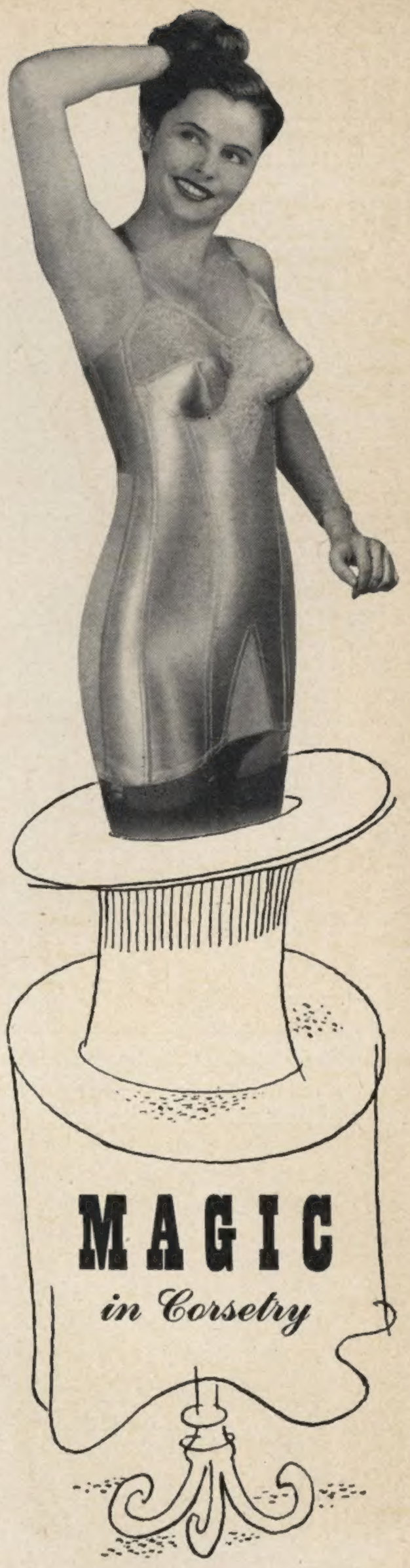
special water colour called Techhide that never gets yellow and becomes hard as a rock. Beds were built in, with drawers underneath. All this was done the first year.

A second addition is being built this year. Onto the original length of the house another nine feet is being added, making a dining room with a bedroom above it. The roof was pulled down over the whole thing, and the house became a salt box with a perfect space for a studio. A cellar was excavated, and a hot-air furnace put in.

There are built-in cupboards in the kitchen, which is small—like a galley on a boat—and works. The living room has a Franklin stove set in brick.

The bathroom has a shower and sink; the garage has an overhead space for lumber and a small workbench.

A peg board runs all around the dining-room wall, and there is a ceiling candle fixture which can be lowered or raised as desired. (Furniture and decorations were gathered, regardless of style and period, from all over the countryside.) The old studio is now an upstairs library, the new studio is on the ground floor. The master bedroom and main guest room have exits to the outside staircase, insuring the occupants a certain amount of independence and privacy. The other guest room is very small, could be used only by children.



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WEEK END WISE

(Continued from page 47)

MR. AND MRS. ABBOTT'S RECIPES

(For a picnic of twenty-five)

GIN COCKTAIL

To one bottle of gin add the finely peeled skins of three lemons, one lime, and one orange and allow to stand overnight. Serve well iced.

PÂTÉ

One can of very good goose liver thoroughly mixed with two cans of chicken liver pâté, a spicing of four or five twists of the pepper mill. Place mixture in a small earthenware casserole, seal the top by pouring over a little melted sweet butter. After an overnight stay in the refrigerator this pâté remains cool and firm for at least five hours.

SARGENT POINT BEANS

Line the bottom of a deep earthenware casserole with crisply cooked bacon or ham (preferably *prosciutto* because of its high flavour). Over this, pour a layer of kidney beans which have soaked overnight in beef stock. Add a pinch of dehydrated parsley, freshly ground pepper. Repeat layer upon layer until the pot is three-quarters full. Over this pour stock; cover the casserole and cook in a slow oven for a minimum of twenty-four hours or forty-eight if there is no hurry. (Bovril broth can be used instead of beef stock; the important thing is to keep the mixture covered with a beef liquid.)

MUSSELS SOMES SOUND

250 mussels
1 pound of butter
1 quart dry white wine
⅔ pint Bechamel sauce
25 small onions
10 cloves of garlic
2 tablespoonfuls dehydrated parsley
Black pepper

The morning of the picnic, make a medium thick Bechamel sauce; transfer to a Thermos to keep hot. (A Thermos and two large metal pots are part of the picnic equipment.) Mussels, as collected by working guests, are scrubbed with a wire brush, rinsed twice, and let soak in sea water. Chop up onions and garlic, mixed with parsley and black pepper.

Melt one pound of butter. When frothing, add onion and garlic mixture. When onions are soft but before they start to brown, add the mussels and shake the whole pot hard. Pour a quart of dry white wine into the pot; cover and bring to a boil. For the next four minutes go through a routine of shaking the pot, letting it boil up, shaking again, finally removing it from the fire. Pour broth into another pot to which add the hot Bechamel sauce, stirring slowly until blended. Bring this mixture to a boil and pour over the mussels. Give one more shake for good measure and serve with pilot biscuits and a glass of iced white wine.

COUNTESS BOUËT-WILLAUMEZ' RECIPES *(for six)*

CLAM SOUP À LA GINO

Pour a pint of olive oil in a large, deep pot. Bring to a boil and add three or four sections of garlic. When the garlic is browned, add sixty little-neck clams, having carefully rinsed their shells beforehand. Cook for about thirty minutes or until the clams open, stirring occasionally. At the last minute, add a cupful of dry white wine and some chopped parsley. This serves six people.

ROAST CHICKEN ON THE SPIT

Stuff the chicken with pitted olives and bandage it from side to side and front to back with strips of pork fat held in place by string or toothpicks. It should cook in one and a half to two hours, depending on the heat of the fire.

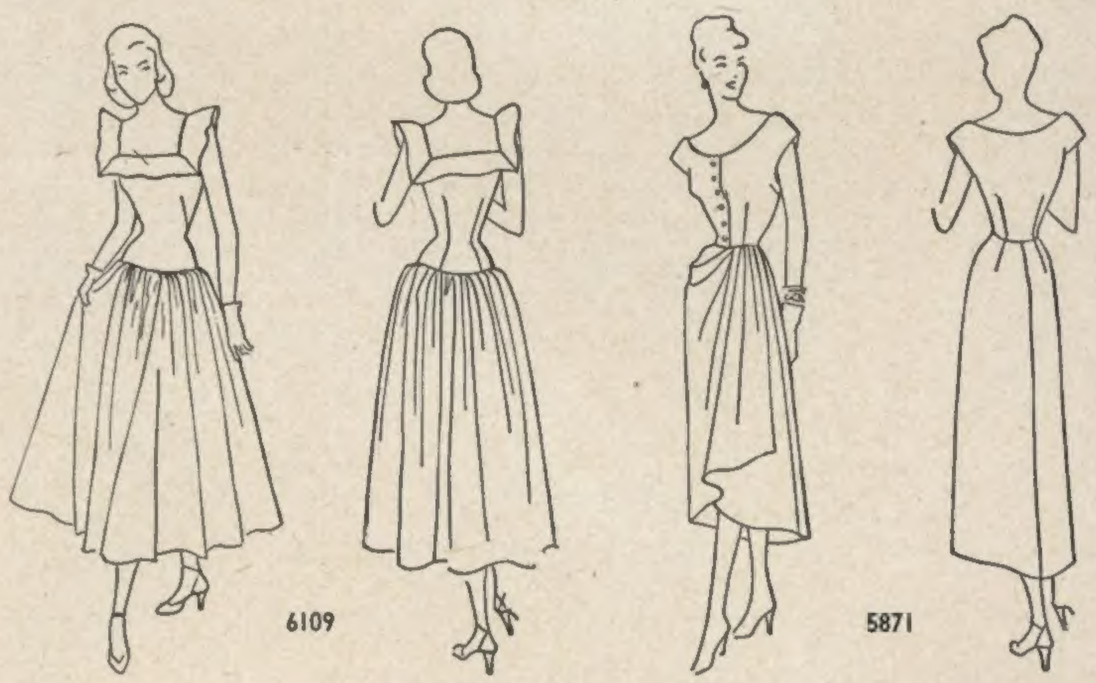
STEAK À LA MOELLE

Rub both sides of a porterhouse steak lightly with olive oil. Pepper generously with whole black pepper freshly ground or hammered. (Push the pepper so that it adheres to the meat.) Broil over charcoal, and serve with six pieces of marrow-bone which have boiled in Campbell's consommé for about half an hour.

SUMMER SPRITZER

Pour Rhine wine into a pitcher full of ice; add two cucumber rinds, two whole peaches poked with a fork, several strawberries and raspberries. Add seltzer, if desired, and serve in tall glasses. If you want to be grand, use champagne instead of seltzer.

DESIGNS FOR DRESSMAKING



Here are the Designs for Dressmaking shown on pages 74-75, double-sketched. No. 6109, with a wealth of skirt, a tight fitting bodice with a flange around the square neckline, comes in sizes 12 to 18 (30 to 36). No. 5871, with a slim skirt gathered at the side and a low oval neckline, comes in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38).

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